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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE NAME UTTERED BY HUGH HAWE.

The last, the last, the last—
Last clasp of failing hands—
Last look of fading eyes—
Last words of dying lips. ANON.

On the eighth of January the sun arose over a wild winter scene. The snow that had been falling fast for the three preceding days, now covered the earth to the depth of two feet. The clouds had all dispersed, and the unblemished whiteness of the ground, under the unvailed radiance of the sunshine, was perfectly dazzling. It was the morning of the trial. Mr. Dulanie arose early, and was soon afterwards joined by his wife. He had dressed himself, with his accustomed careful attention to propriety, in his favorite costume, a suit of clerical black, relieved by delicate linen; his fine, raven-black hair was parted on the left side, and swept off freely from his broad forehead, now somewhat blanched by anxiety and confinement. An ample black cloth cloak, lined with sable, hung upon his left shoulder, and was partly gathered upon his left arm. In his right hand he held his black beaver hat.

Honora wore a black silk dress, and black velvet mantilla and bonnet, and a black lace vail—the darkness of her costume relieved by a delicate white lace color and cuffs, and white kid gloves.

Tasteful, becoming, and appropriate as was their costume, it had been assumed by each without an instant's forethought. They had, Heaven knows, enough of more important business to occupy their minds, and this attention to appearance was a mere mechanical matter of habit. Yet they were a handsome, stately, imposing couple as they stood together—he holding her hand, gazing in her face, and murmuring, in grave tones—

"A fortnight ago to-day, dearest Honora, I arose the *happiest* man in America—for it was to be our wedding-day, and now——"

——"You are required to be the *bravest*, as you are assuredly, by one heart at least, the most respected and the best beloved," said Honora, finishing his sentence, with a voice and look of high encouragement.

"May the Lord bless you and reward you, my own heroic wife!"

"May He save us both! And now, while we have the opportunity, let us kneel and pray for His presence in the coming trial!"

In the prison cell, beside the prison cot, they knelt and implored the Father to be with them through the coming day; to guard them from all evil, to guide them into all good; to strengthen their weakness, to enlighten their darkness; to comfort them in affliction, or bless them in joy; to direct them in all emergencies, and sanctify to them every event; to give them a happy delivery out of all their troubles, and to save them evermore, through His mercy in the Divine Redeemer.

"And now, whatever be the issue of this day, beloved one, we shall know that it is all for the best!" said Mr. Dulanie, as they arose from their knees.

Approaching steps, and a rap at the cell door, followed by the turning of the key, announced the arrival of the sheriff, to conduct the prisoner to the court.

On entering the cell, Mr. Harrison bowed very lowly to the lady, and respectfully intimated his errand to the prisoner.

"We are ready to attend you, sir," said Mr. Dulanie, drawing the arm of his wife within his own, and gathering up the folds of his ample cloak.

"But will Madam accompany us?" inquired the sheriff.

"It is her desire, sir, if there is no objection."

"Oh! assuredly not."

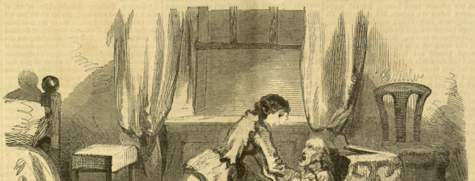
Preceded by the sheriff, and followed by a couple of bailiffs, Mr. Dulanie, with Honora, deeply vailed and hanging on his arm, left the prison and passed out into the street. It was of course the first day since his committal that he had set foot outside the prison enclosure.

Severe as the weather had been, impeded as the roads were, the village was full of strangers, drawn together by the thrilling interest of the approaching trial; and the village street was crowded with coaches, buggies, gigs, sleighs, saddle horses, etc., and thronged with foot passengers—all making their way towards the court-house.

Those were not the days of ambrotypes, cheap wood cuts, and illustrated newspapers; the faces of the prisoner, his wife, the sheriff, and "all concerned," were not familiar as "household" forms to every stranger in town; therefore Mr. and Mrs. Dulanie, with their escort, passed unmolested through the crowd to the court-house, which was situated one square above the prison, on the same side of the street.

The space before the building, the stairs, the portico, the passage leading to the court-room, and the court-room itself, were densely thronged with an eager and expectant multitude.

Here, the sheriff, being obliged to exercise his official authority to have a way cleared through the crowd, his identity and that of the prisoner and of his companion became suspected, and a great tumult arose among the excited spectators, anxious to get a view of the party. And it was some time before the constables succeeded in making a way for the prisoner through the press of people that filled the court-room, to the place appointed for him.



HUGH HAWE REVEALING HIS MURDERER'S NAME.

During the preliminary forms of the trial, Mr. Dulanie remained seated in front of the bench, having his counsel on his right hand, and his wife on his left. He sat with his form erect, his head raised and slightly thrown back, his large cloak falling from his shoulders, his proud gaze calmly regarding the proceedings of the court, or the persons of the spectators. Honora sat still and silent beside him, with her black lace vail dropped before her pale face.

On the bench the celebrated Judge Watts presided.

The State's Attorney was the distinguished John Henry Cole; associated with him in the prosecution was the no less eminent Peter Cawdow.

Opposed to them, for the defence, were Messrs. Juste, Wright, and Brown, all then rising young lawyers, and two of them since of world-wide fame in the science of jurisprudence.

Among the sea of heads, around, behind, and on each side of him, the prisoner recognized many friends, acquaintances and relatives from the country, and several of his colleagues and companions from the city of Washington. Some among them returned his glance by a bow of friendly recognition, while others looked up, down, to the right, or to the left, to avoid meeting his eye. The former charitably hoped in his innocence, the latter thoroughly believed in his guilt.

While Mr. Dulanie was making these observations, the business of the court was progressing. From a panel of two hundred persons, a jury of twelve was with difficulty formed. When these were duly sworn in, the prisoner was arraigned by the usual formula and the indictment—charging Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, of the County of Rappahannock, with the wilful and felonious murder of Hugh Hawe, of said County, by the cutting of his throat with a razor, on the morning of the 26th of December, 18—, was read. Then the clerk of the court, addressing the prisoner, asked—

"Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, how say you—are you guilty or not guilty of the felony with which you are indicted?"

Mr. Dulanie, who was standing with his stately form drawn up to its haughtiest height, his large cloak hanging gracefully from one shoulder, and drawn up on his arm, and his right hand resting on the bar, anwered calmly, almost scornfully—

"NOT GUILTY."

"How will you be tried?"

"By God and my country," replied the prisoner, with dignity, folding his garment around him, and resuming his seat.

The prosecuting attorney, Cole, arose, and opened the indictment. He said: Incredible as the statement might appear, that a crime of such atrocious nature as that set forth in the indictment they were about to try, could be perpetrated by a man of such distinguished reputation as the prisoner at the bar, yet by the testimony about to be offered, he should place the fact, beyond the shadow of a doubt; that this testimony was so clear, so consecutive, so conclusive, that it would need no art in its arrangement, no logic in its presentation, no eloquence in its illustration; that he should offer nothing but the simple, overwhelming, and convicting FACTS. He then proceeded to make a statement of the circumstances that led to the arrest of the prisoner, and with which the reader is too well acquainted to need the repetition here.

The prisoner and his devoted wife listened to this indictment with undisturbed attention and unshaken firmness. Only Honora, at the most distressing section of the charge, slipped her hand into that of Godfrey, who pressed her fingers and held them closely.

At the close of his speech, the state's attorney proceeded to call the witnesses for the prosecution. It had been his intention to place Agnes Darke first upon the stand, as the first discoverer of the murder. But the extreme agitation of the poor girl, who sat, clothed in deep mourning, closely vailed, and cowering between Mrs. Willoughby and Dr. Heine, rendered it expedient to give her time to recover her composure. And the state's attorney proceeded with the next witness, who was equally well fitted to lead off the prosecution.

Dr. John Henry, nephew of the deceased, being duly sworn, testified that a long estrangement had existed between the prisoner at the bar and the deceased; that the deceased had made a will in which he had cut off the prisoner with a shilling, and left the whole of his vast property to the witness; that after the funeral of the deceased the will could nowhere be found; and that consequently the prisoner came into the undisputed possession of the patrimonial estate. Being cross-examined, he admitted that there had been a reconciliation between the deceased and the prisoner upon the day preceding the murder, and that the deceased had mentioned his intention to make a new will in equal favor of the prisoner and the witness—a plan approved by all the three concerned. He farther testified to having left the deceased in his usual health, at four o'clock, on the afternoon preceding the murder. He was then allowed to sit down.

The next witness called was Mrs. Henry, who, pale, trembling and half fainting, was placed at the stand. She corroborated her husband's testimony in every particular; and then, in pity of her state, was permitted to retire without cross-examination.

The third witness, Hayhurst, the overseer, or farm manager, late in the employment of the deceased, being sworn, testified to the midnight alarm, the gathering at the house, the finding of the dead body, the condition of the room, etc. A severe cross-examination failed either to weaken the old facts or to elicit new ones; and so he was suffered to retire.

The next two witnesses were the wife and son of the preceding, and corroborated his testimony both under the first statement and the cross-examination.

Then Dr. Heine, placed upon the stand and sworn, testified to being summoned to Hawe's Hole on the morning of the 26th of December; to the finding of the dead body; the condition of the room; the persons present, etc.; gave a report of the post-mortem examination of the body, the nature, character and extent of the wound, the cause of the death, etc.; and being cross-examined without other results, was permitted to retire.

Then Colonel Shannon, being called and duly sworn, testified to the finding of the body; the state of the room; the company present, etc.; was cross-examined without effect, and suffered to retire.

The next witness gave but a repetition of the late evidence.

Hounsloe, the hunter, was then summoned to take the stand, and, being duly sworn, testified to the finding of the blood-stained clothing, the razor, tablets and other personal effects bearing the name of the prisoner. The police officer to whom he had at once carried the packet, corroborated his testimony.

Dr. Henry, being recalled, identified the garments as those worn by the prisoner at the Christmas dinner preceding the murder.

During the examination and cross-examination of the last three witnesses, a pin might have been heard to fall if dropped in that room, so deep was the silence, so fixed the attention, so intense the interest.

As pale, as firm and as motionless as a pair of marble statues sat the prisoner and his wife—her hand clasped in his—their eyes fixed upon the witness or the prosecuting attorney.

But when the name of Agnes Darke was called, and the beautiful girl, clothed in deep mourning, moved slowly forward to the stand, and, putting aside her vail, stood with down-cast eyes, whose long black lashes rested upon colorless cheeks deeply shadowed by thick clouds of ebon ringlets, the silence deepened, the attention became more fixed, the interest more painful. Being sworn, the maiden was addressed by the state's attorney:

"Witness, look upon the prisoner at the bar."

Agnes turned, and sent one quick, and quickly withdrawn, glance at the face of Godfrey Dulanie. The blood rushed in torrents, crimsoning her brows, and then, retreating, left it paler than before; a shudder passed through her whole frame; the perspiration burst in great drops from her forehead; she tottered, leaned forward upon the railing for support, and cast an imploring gaze into the face of the judge. That high officer did not speak, but his answering look said plainly:

"My child, you cannot help yourself, nor can we help you: you must perform your painful duty."

"A glass of water," said Dr. Heine.

A bailiff brought the required refreshment, and the doctor himself pushed forward, and placed it to the lips of the witness, saying encouragingly:

"My dear Agnes, be firm, I entreat you."

She quaffed the water, and returned the glass. Dr. Heine retreated, and the state's attorney said:

"Now, witness, you have looked upon the prisoner at the bar; do you know him?"

"I do, sir," answered Agnes, in an expiring voice, without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Tell the jury, then, all that you know in regard to this crime for which he stands indicted."

Agnes convulsively clasped her hands, threw up an imploring glance at the bench, but, meeting no mercy there, and being again urged by the state's attorney, she commenced in a trembling voice:

"On the night of the 25th of December, at ten o'clock, I let out Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, who had been dining and spending the evening with the deceased and myself at Hawe's Hole——"

"Stop, witness. Did you notice what clothes were worn by the prisoner at the time you let him out?"

"He wore the cloak he now wears. I do not know what he wore under that."

"Do you know what clothes he had on at the Christmas dinner upon the day in question?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"A black cloth dress-coat and pantaloons, and a black satin vest."

"Take this suit in your hands, and examine it well. Is this the same worn by the prisoner at the Christmas dinner?" inquired the prosecutor, placing the blood-stained garments before the witness.

"Yes, sir, this is the same," replied Agnes, after a careful examination of the clothing.

"Did he wear this suit when he left the house?"

"Sir, I could not see what he wore under his cloak when he left the house."

"Have you any reason to suppose he changed his clothing between the hour of retiring to Mr. Hawe's room and that of his leaving the house?"

"No, sir, I have no reason to suppose he did."

"Go on, then, with your statement. What happened after the departure of the prisoner?"

"I shut up the house carefully; then went into Mr. Hawe's room, and, finding him wakeful, sat down beside his bed and sung to him in a low voice, until he went to sleep; then closed up his room, and put a log of wood on the fire to keep it burning; then went into the parlor and took another look at the fastenings; and then went up to my bedroom, which was immediately over that of the deceased. There was no one in the great lonely house but myself and the old man, and he was sound asleep. I could not sleep; the late hour, the loneliness of the scene, the melancholy howling of the wind through the rocks and ravines of the mountains near, and an undefinable feeling of dread, all conspired to keep me awake. It was after midnight, for I heard the clock in the lower hall strike twelve, before I fell into a disturbed sleep. I was aroused by one single prolonged shriek of 'Murder!' I sprang up in an icy state of terror, and listened; but as all was silent and dark, I could not know whether I had really dreamed or heard that cry. While listening so, I heard a half-smothered struggling and scuffling, as if upon the floor of the room beneath mine; then a rise, a heavy fall and a groan. Thinking only of the helpless old man—carried forward in spite of excessive terror, I struck a light and hastened down below. By the strong draft through the lower hall, that nearly extinguished my light, I knew that some door or window had been opened. I passed rapidly through the parlor, which I found in the same state in which I had left it, and opened the door connected with Mr. Hawe's room——"

Here the witness suddenly stopped, shuddered, grew deadly white in the face, sunk into her chair, and dropped her head forward upon the railings.

The state's attorney gave her time; but after a few minutes inquired:

"Well, witness, what next? When you opened the door connecting with Mr. Hawe's chamber, what did you see?"

She raised her head, shivered, and replied in cold and hollow tones:

"Opposite to the door by which I entered I saw the open window, which nearly extinguished my light, and a man escaping through it——"

"Did you recognize that man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"It was the prisoner," said the witness, in a dying voice.

Here Godfrey Dulanie and Honora started simultaneously, and fixed their eyes in horror upon the young girl, whom they could not believe to be otherwise than most atrociously perjured.

But the pale, suffering, and most holy countenance of the poor maiden proved that whatever her pain might be, it need not be that of remorse.

"Well, what then?" inquired the state's attorney.

"I felt something at my feet—looked down, and —O, heaven of heavens!—I saw Mr. Hugh Hawe lying doubled up on the floor, with his face and his grey hair in a pool of his blood."

"Was he—at the time you first discovered him lying thus—was he quite dead?"

"I thought so when I saw him, sir," answered Agnes, in the same freezing, shuddering tones.

"Witness! remember that you are upon your oath; do not, therefore, prevaricate. I ask you to state distinctly to the jury whether, when you first discovered Mr. Hugh Hawe lying in that position, he was quite dead?"

"No, sir, he was not," replied Agnes, with extreme reluctance.

"What did you do?"

"I raised his head, turning it over from the pool of blood, and cried out, 'O, my God! who has done this?'"

"Did the murdered man speak?"

Agnes shuddered, but did not answer.

"Witness! remember that you are under oath to tell the 'whole' truth. Did the deceased speak before his death?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"What did he say?"

"When I cried, 'O my God! who has done this?' he answered—

"'*Oh, Agnes! Godfrey Dulanie, my grandson, has done it!*'

"And then his head slipped heavily from my arms, and he was dead—and I——"

Here the last shade of color faded from the very lips of the witness, her eyes closed, her chin dropped, and overwhelmed by many emotions, she sank back fainting in the arms of Dr. Heine.

"My God! my God! am I sane or mad!" exclaimed Godfrey Dulanie, in a low, deep, thrilling voice, upon hearing this crushing testimony.

"Oh! be courageous! be yourself! Still trust in Heaven!" cried Honora, squeezing his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VERDICT.

And he for her had also wept,
  But for the eyes that on him gazed;
His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
  Stern and erect his brow was raised:
Whate'er the grief his soul avowed,
He would not shrink before the crowd;
But yet he dared not look on her;
Remembrance of the hours that were—
His love, his pride, his present state—
His earthly, his eternal fate—
And hers—oh, hers!—he dared not throw
One look upon her deathlike brow!
Else had his rising heart betrayed
Despair for all the wreck there made. BYRON.

Upon the retirement of the last witness, the court adjourned until ten o'clock the next day. Then the sheriff presented himself to conduct the prisoner from the place. Mr. Dulanie arose to follow him. Honora stood up, drew her vail over her face, and slipped her arm within that of her husband.

And in perfect silence, and under the battery of an hundred pair of eyes, they passed out of the court-room, down the street, and into the prison.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the hapless pair found themselves once more left alone in the cell. They sat down together on the side of the cot, her hand clasped in his, their eyes fixed in dreadful silence on the ground. He was the first to break the dumb spell.

"My Honora, what think you of all this?"

"Think! What do I think?—that it is an inscrutable mystery—perhaps a successful conspiracy—God knoweth!" she ejaculated, convulsively closing her fingers upon the hand that held her own.

"And—no slightest shade of suspicion of my possible guilt disturbs your mind?"

She answered him only by a look.

"What, my own dearest? You trust me despite the overwhelming evidence?"

Still that eloquent look!

"Oh, Honora, my wife! You confide in me, notwithstanding the testimony of the blood-stained garments, the razor identified as mine, and the last words of the dying man, charging me with his murder?"

Yet that most eloquent look!—that look of undying, unwavering, ineffable trust!

"Now may the Lord from heaven bless you, my wife—my wife—for your faith is my greatest stay in this most bitter hour!"

With a gesture of adoring confidence she raised the hand that held hers, and pressed it to her heart.

"But, sweet Honora, you are, of all this world, the *only* one who has faith in my innocence!" he said, sorrowfully.

"If it be so, it is because I am the only one who knows you thoroughly, as why should I not? Am I not your second self?—the heart of your heart?"

"And soul of my soul! spirit of my spirit! life of my life! Yes, you are all these, my own—my own!" he said, gathering her to his bosom. Then after a few moments, he added—

"Honora, you have great firmness?"

"When *you* demand it of me—yes, yes! Whatever you require of me I have, or by God's grace, will acquire! Test my firmness."

"Hear me, then, my Honora," he said, with deep solemnity. "I shall be convicted."

"Without divine interposition," she reverently replied.

"And after conviction I shall be—EXECUTED!"

"Without 'divine interposition'—yes," she repeated.

"Honora!—my Honora!—the days of miracles are past."

"But not of '*divine interposition!*'" she reiterated. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Oh! let us appeal to Him."

Leaving this most unhappy couple to the sacred privacy of their sorrow, we will look into the village street, to discover the popular feeling there. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour—now near sunset—the inclemency of the weather, and the ill condition of the roads, neighboring farmers, who should have been on their way homeward, strangers who should have been comfortably housed in lodgings, and villagers who would have been safer by their own firesides, were gathered into groups at the corners, or loitering before the shop doors, or lingering in front of the court-house, or of the hotel, earnestly engaged in the discussion of the trial. There was but one opinion—a general belief in the prisoner's guilt—and but one expectation—a unanimous prophecy of his impending conviction and certain execution. And true as sad it is to say, that the majority of those present looked forward to beholding all the remaining scenes of the passing reality with more zest than they could have felt in anticipating the witnessing of the successful acts of some fine tragedy.

At ten o'clock the next morning the court met. The room was, if possible, more crowded, and with a more eager audience, than upon the preceding day.

A few minutes after ten the prisoner, accompanied by his wife, was brought in.

As before, they were conducted to seats beside Mr. Dulanie's counsel, immediately in front of the bench. As soon as they had sat down, Godfrey raised his head, and Honora drew aside her vail, and those nearest to them then saw how pale and worn they had become since the previous day.

The business of the trial proceeded. Agnes Darke had been the last witness examined by the prosecution. The counsel for the prisoner, reserving his privilege of cross-examining this deponent, arose and opened the defense.

The gentlemen of the jury had heard, he said, the indictment charging his client with a crime so unnatural, so atrocious, so impossible, that no one looking now upon his face, would, upon any evidence less forcible than that of their own senses, believe him guilty. They had farther heard, he continued, the testimony brought forward to sustain that indictment—testimony which, however weighty it might be made to appear by the skill of his learned brother, was, at the very best, but circumstantial evidence, the least to be trusted, the most uncertain, the most deceptive in the annals of jurisprudence, and light as levity itself when cast in the opposite scale with—he would not say the distinguished position, brilliant talents and splendid career of his client, but with the irreproachable character of Godfrey Dulanie. Here he enlarged upon the many eminent and well known virtues of the prisoner, and cited numerous well-authenticated instances of his strict integrity, warm benevolence, and prompt generosity, under circumstances calculated to severely test these shining qualities. Should a chain of merely circumstantial evidence, however strong, have power to ruin a man with the character of sterling honor, disinterested charity and high magnanimity, universally conceded to his client? Forbid it, justice!

Then he animadverted on the nature, history, and tendencies of circumstantial evidence in general, and citing several celebrated cases in particular, in which guiltless persons had perished under testimony more convincing, overwhelming and destructive than any that had been brought against his client. He instanced the well known trials of Jennings, Crow, Bradford, Shaw, and several others, all clearly convicted and incontinently executed for crimes committed and afterwards confessed by others.

These instances of the fatal fallibility of circumstantial evidence were of such as had *happened* to come to our knowledge, he said, but of *how often* the innocent had suffered instead of the guilty, without any event arising in time to save their lives, or afterwards to vindicate their honor, no one knew but the Lord, or could know until the day of the last judgment.

It behooved jurors, then, to be very cautious in giving any weight to such evidence, even where the criminating circumstances were left *unexplained*, as they should not be in the case of his client; for he was about to offer an explanation, which, taken conjointly with the high character of Mr. Dulanie, would not only secure an honorable acquittal, but would compel a triumphant vindication. The jury, he confidently anticipated, would, before leaving their seats, return a verdict in his client's favor. He then entered upon the elucidation of the opposite testimony. The prosecutor, he said, had made a great point of the estrangement existing between the prisoner and the deceased. He should prove by a most important witness that had been used *for* the prosecution, that the estrangement had ceased, and that the reconciliation had been complete. He should call his witnesses, he said, at each point of his statement which he wished them to prove.

He then requested that Miss Agnes Darke should take the stand.

Agnes came forward, pale and trembling as before; but being questioned as to the state of feeling between the prisoner and the deceased up to the day of his death, she recovered her spirits, and testified with alacrity to the perfect reconciliation and warm regard between Mr. Hugh Hawe and his grandson, Godfrey Dulanie. She was then permitted to retire.

Mr. Wright resumed his argument. The learned prosecutor, he went on, had made, or endeavored to make, a very salient point of the suppositious circumstance that his client had been opposed to the proposed will of the deceased. But he should prove by *another* witness who had been called for the prosecution, that not only was his client entirely concurrent in the plan of that will, but that after the funeral of the deceased, when the will could no where be found, as it probably never had had an existence, he—his client—had declared himself bound by its understood purposes, and resolved to carry out its intended provisions.

He then summoned Dr. Henry, who, with great apparent satisfaction, testified to these facts, and was permitted to retire.

The counsel for the defence continued his argument. The finding of the blood-stained garments, tablets, handkerchief, razor, and other articles identified as the property of his client, seemed a very strong piece of circumstantial evidence, but how very weak before the force of truth. That those garments had been worn, and those blood-stained articles handled by the real murderer, no one could doubt; but that murderer was not the prisoner at the bar; his client had put off those clothes, and had left them hanging up in his dressing-room, when *he* left the house at ten o'clock at night.

Here he re-called Agnes Darke, who testified that the prisoner, upon leaving the old man's chamber before ten o'clock, had gone into his dressing-room, where he had remained quite long enough to have changed his clothes.

The advocate went on. Doubtless, he said, that the real murderer, with purpose aforethought to conceal himself and implicate another in the crime, had stolen into the house; by the light of the fire had seen the suit of clothes on the wall; had doffed his own and donned them; had done the dark deed, and then, to clear himself of all signs of guilt, had again changed clothes, and had buried the blood-stained suit where they were afterwards found.

There was, he said, a final piece of evidence to be overthrown—that of Miss Agnes Darke, in regard to what she *supposed* she saw and heard upon her discovery of the murder. First, as to what she supposed she saw—a man whom she recognized as Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, escaping from the window. Now the fact was, that she saw *a suit of clothes* which she recognized as Mr. Godfrey Dulanie's, on the person of a man whom she could have no possibility of recognizing at all—escaping by the window.

The young girl here evinced more fear than she had betrayed during this second appearance.

"Witness, you said that upon entering the chamber of Mr. Hawe immediately after the murder, you saw a man hurrying out through the window, and that you knew him, the fugitive, to be Mr. Godfrey Dulanie. Now be good enough to tell us *how* you knew him."

"By his size and his suit of clothes, which was the same that Mr. Dulanie wore at the Christmas dinner that day."

"Then you did not see his face?"

"No, sir; his head was entirely out of the window."

"So you see, gentlemen of the jury, what this overwhelming item in the circumstantial evidence dwindles down to. The young lady saw—a suit of clothes! I propose, in default of a flesh and blood murderer being found, that the guilty suit of clothes be convicted. So much for what the young lady supposed *she saw*; now for what she *heard*. She heard the deceased with dying lips declare—'Oh, Agnes, my grandson, Godfrey Dulanie, has done this!' Damning testimony against the prisoner, you will say! Let us see if it be! And let us closely attend while the witness answers the few questsons that I shall put to her. Witness, at the time you heard the half-smothered cry of murder, and the half-suppressed scuffling in the chamber below your own, did you hear any one speak?"

"No, sir."

"No one spoke?"

"No, sir."

"*Had* any one spoken in that room below, would you have heard it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"Because the planks of my floor are warped wide apart; the plastering of the ceiling under it is broken in many places; so every word comes from the chamber below up into my room."

"Ah! gentlemen of the jury! notice this fact—no word was spoken in that chamber below! *the struggle was a silent one!* Witness! when you struck a light and went down into that chamber, was there *any other* light in the room?"

"No, sir."

"It was totally dark, then?"

"Until I brought the candle it had been so, sir, except for the faint light from the smouldering fire on the hearth of Mr. Dulanie's chamber-room which was adjoining, the door between being open."

"Notice, gentlemen, the struggle with the unknown murderer took place *in silence and darkness*. Now, witness, what was the age of Mr. Hawe?"

"Ninety-one, sir, he said."

"Was his sight and hearing good?"

"His sight, sir, was almost extinct."

"Ah! gentlemen, notice, if you please. I repeat—the struggle between Mr. Hawe and his unknown murderer took place *in utter silence and in partial darkness*. Now, under such circumstances, how is it possible that a purblind old man of ninety-two should be able to identify his destroyer? By the faint, low glimmer of the smoldering fire on the hearth of the adjoining room, he identified the *clothes*, and was thus led into the *same* error as that of Agnes Darke. This evidence is strong against the *clothes*, which certainly should be convicted, but proves nothing against my client, whose life, character and conduct form an absolute refutation to so preposterous a charge." Here the advocate called in succession a large number of highly respectable witnesses, among whom were the Reverend Mr. Willoughby, Dr. Henry, Dr. Heine, Colonel Shannon and Father Maraudy, some of whom had known Mr. Godfrey Dulanie from childhood to manhood, and esteemed him as a model of integrity in all the relations of life. When the last witness had retired, the advocate reviewed his whole argument—The full reconciliation and the mutual regard existing between the prisoner and the deceased at the time of his death; the plans of the one meeting the full concurrence of the other; the perfect willingness of the latter to carry out the purposes of the projected will of the former; the strong fact of the prisoner having put off the dress suit and left them in his own room when he departed from the house hours before the death of the deceased; the circumstances of the death-struggle having taken place in perfect silence and darkness, making it impossible for an octogenarian, two-thirds blind and deaf with age, to identify his murderer; the proverbial fallibility of circumstantial evidence in general; its especial unreliability as arrayed against the irreproachable character of Godfrey Dulanie, etc., etc., etc.

The advocate wound up by a logical and eloquent appeal to the reason and the feeling of the jury, and sat down. He was followed by the assistant counsel for the defence, Mr. Brown, in an ingenious and closely reasoned argument. And then the defence rested.

The state's attorney arose in his place. He summed up the points of the evidence in an overwhelming mass of testimony against the prisoner, and dismissed the whole of the argument for the defence with the half-contemptuous assertion that its only essential points rested simply upon the word of the prisoner and wanted proof. Acute logic and scathing sarcasm marked his powerful peroration, and he sat down amid a deep and ominous silence.

The venerable judge then arose to charge the jury.

They had heard, commenced his honor, the indictment charging the prisoner at the bar with the murder of his Hugh Hawe on the night of the twenty-sixth of December; they had heard the testimony by which that charge was supported; they would give him their attention while he recounted the links in the chain of evidence. The judge then in turn reviewed the facts as proved—the rebellious boyhood and youth of the prisoner; the long estrangement between the latter and the deceased; the very recent reconciliation; the fact that the prisoner, of all men in the world, seemed the most interested that the death of the deceased should take place at the time it actually did occur; since by his dying that day intestate, the prisoner, as heir-at-law, would come into immediate possession of his whole real and personal estate, while had he lived twenty-four hours longer, to execute the will he planned, the prisoner would have inherited but one-half his property. Thus the prisoner was the person most interested in the event of his death taking place just at the time it occurred; thus the party most to be profited by the crime, and the motive for the deed was established in the person of the prisoner. The motive existing, what was the result? On the night of the murder, in the very moment of discovery, was seen escaping from the window of the victim's chamber, a man whom the witness identified upon oath as the prisoner. A few seconds later the lips of the dying man charged with the murder the prisoner at the bar. The clothing found stained with blood was identified by many witnesses as the very suit worn by the prisoner on the day of the murder. These, said his honor, were the points of evidence against the prisoner. The jury had also heard, he said, the argument for the defence; they would give their attention while he spoke of its main features. Many highly respectable persons, he said, had testified to the excellent character of the prisoner, and their testimony would have its weight with the jury; the defence had given an explanation of the circumstance of the finding of the blood-stained garments; and explanation which, resting entirely upon the unsupported statement of the prisoner, could be of no importance; the defence had further characterized the evidence of the prosecution as circumstantial; but he would instruct the jury that it was not only circumstantial but *positive*. There was no evidence known to law, he said, stronger or more positive than that of an eye-witness and the declaration of the dying. The dying words of the murdered man and the direct testimony of an eye-witness were in evidence against the prisoner. If therefore they believed this evidence they were to bring in a verdict in accordance with it. The jury would now retire and deliberate upon their verdict.

The charge of the venerable judge seemed tantamount to an instruction of the jury to convict the prisoner. His honor resumed his seat amid an ominous stillness.

But how had Godfrey Dulanie and his devoted wife heard this terrible charge? Godfrey had listened with his fine form erect, his arms folded, his head thrown back, his face pale but firm, his eyes fixed steadily upon the countenance of his judge, save when they turned with unutterable affection to meet the eyes of his wife. Honora had attended with a face as white as a statue's but as devoted as a martyr's; with bloodless lips compressed; and tearless eyes fixed upon the judge, and ice-cold hands clasped together on her lap, save when some overwhelming point in the evidence for the prosecution was dwelt upon with dreadful force, then her hand would seek her husband's hand and her eyes seek his eyes, with such ineffable love and trust, as if she sought with her own woman-power of faith to roll back the whole overwhelming weight of evidence against him.

Meanwhile, without leaving their box, the jury consulted together for a few moments, and then the foreman arose and announced that their verdict was ready.

This sudden movement was totally unexpected. The stillness and coldness of death crept over the spectators. All present felt that they sat under the awful shadow of the scaffold. For one dread moment all blood was congealed, every breath was suspended and every heart stopped. The eyes of Honora sought those of her doomed husband; her fingers clasped his hand; her voice whispered: "There remaineth God!"

The judge arose.

"Jurors, look upon the prisoner."

The eyes of the twelve rested upon the pale, firm face of Godfrey Dulanie.

"Prisoner, look upon the jury."

Mr. Dulanie turned an unflinching gaze upon the men who held his fate in their hands.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury—Is Godfrey Farquier Dulanie guilty of the felony laid to his charge or not guilty?"

"GUILTY!" responded the foreman.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SENTENCE.

> "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
> The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
> For I will be with thee thy sorrows to bless,
> And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."
>
> SACRED SONGS.

"God liveth!"

The lips that breathed these words were pallid with mortal despair, and tremulous with woman's utmost woe! The tones were low, yet through the deep silence that followed the verdict, and filled the court, the words reverberated with awful power. They were an absolute relief to all over whom the fate of the prisoner hung like the blackest pall.

The next sound that broke upon the death-like silence was the voice of the clerk—

"Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, you have been duly tried and convicted of murder by a jury of your countrymen. Have you, therefore, anything to say why the judgment of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

The deep voice of the prisoner replied—addressing the judge—

"I have nothing to say, your honor, but what has already been better said by my counsel; nothing that would not uselessly prolong this painful scene, which I entreat, for the sake of the lady at my side, may be concluded as speedily as possible; nothing, in short, that would not be a mere re-iteration of the old, absolute truth of my guiltlessness, against overwhelming evidence of my guilt; nothing, in fine, but to express a hope that God may bring that truth to light."

As the unhappy man spoke, so noble, calm, and self-possessed was his bearing, so radiant with truth, faith and courage was his whole countenance, that there was not a man present but felt shaken in his convictions of his guilt, nor a woman but whose eyes were overflowing with tears. The sounds of sobs filled the room. The judge made a sign to the crier, who arose and pronounced the fearful words—

"Let there be silence in the court while sentence of death is pronounced upon the prisoner."

And a silence like death followed, for every sob was hushed, every breath suspended, every pulse stopped.

"Prisoner, arise and receive the sentence of the court," were the next terrible words that broke the stillness.

Mr. Dulanie arose and stood erect, with his arms folded across his chest, his stately head thrown back, his fine countenance undisturbed in proud serenity, his eyes fixed unflinchingly upon the face of the judge.

The venerable judge arose, his reverend face pale with pity for the prisoner and for the hapless lady who sat beside him; his deep voice vibrating with emotion as he pronounced upon the living the doom of the dying.

"Godfrey Farquier Dulanie—The crime of which you stand convicted, and for which you are about soon to suffer death, is one of the most heinous that the heart of man can conceive, or the hand of man perpetrate. The time, the place, the circumstances and the subject of this crime deepen, if anything *could* deepen, the atrocity of its character. It becomes my painful duty to admonish you that—in view of the clear, impartial trial you have had, the overwhelming weight of the evidence against you, the utter weakness of your defence, and the enormity of the crime of which you stand convicted—for you there is no hope of pardon in this world; and to exhort you to seek, through deep repentance, the mercy of that Judge to whom the chief of sinners never appeals in vain, and before whom you are soon to appear. The sentence of the law is that you be taken from this place to the prison whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and that there you be——"

Honora heard no more! There was a ringing sound as of a rushing river in her ears, a deep darkness like a thunder-cloud before her eyes; her senses reeled; her limbs failed; she had nearly swooned when, by a mighty effort of the will, she caught herself, commanded back her powers, and recovered her self-control. She would not permit herself to give way then and there, to add to his distress! When the sound of many waters had ebbed from her ears, and the dark shadow had rolled from her eyes, and her reason had become steady, and sense, and sight, and hearing were restored, she saw the venerable judge, in tears, resume his seat, and heard the order given to remove the prisoner.

As one under the influence of a strange dream, too horrible to be real, she left her seat, and followed her husband from the court.

It was dark when they reached the prison. The report of the verdict had preceded them. They were met by the warden, who, with an even more than usual manner of grave respect, showed them into the cell, and inquired whether he could in any way serve them.

"No, we want nothing, but to be left alone. We thank you, sir," replied Mr. Dulanie.

The warden, followed by the turnkey, left the cell.

"I am afraid that he is guilty, Tom Turner!" said the former.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"But, then, Tom Turner, the more guilty the more to be pitied!"

"True, sir."

"And so, Tom Turner, we must be more respectful and compassionate to him than ever, seeing that remorse and death are punishment enough."

"Surely, sir."

And so the two kind-hearted officers went below.

Left alone in the cell, the wretched pair sunk down, sitting upon the side of the cot, clasping each other's hands in perfect silence. Her impulse was to cast herself upon his bosom and give way in floods of tears, to the overpowering sense of sorrow that swelled her heart almost to bursting. But with a heroism nearly superhuman she controlled her emotions lest they should add to *his* distress, who felt mostly for *her*.

"All is over, love," he said, breaking the silence.

"Nay," she replied, woman's eternal fountain of hope springing for a moment in her bosom—"nay, all is *not* over! The Lord liveth and reigneth! Between this day and the day of ——" she could not finish, so he added—

"Execution——"

"The truth may be brought to light. Let us think of, let us hope for, let us pray for that!"

Honora remained in the cell up to the latest permitted moment, and then, with the prayers and blessings of her husband, she took leave for the night. She was accompanied to her lodgings by the kind-hearted warden. She was met at the door by his compassionate wife, who would have detained her in the parlor, and forced upon her some refreshments, but that the hapless girl, by an imperative waive of the hand, warned off all interruption, and with a swelling heart, and reeling brain, and failing muscles, hastened to her chamber.

There the almost supernatural firmness that had sustained her through the fearful scenes of the last two days at once and entirely abandoned her. Casting her arms above her head, and throwing herself down upon the floor, she lay without sound or motion, prostrate in the most abject grief! No sigh, no tear, no prayer broke the awful stillness of her sorrow—a sorrow that annihilated time, and space, and sense! And in that all-absorbing anguish she lay until morning, when the sun shining full through the unclosed blinds, and the busy hands and feet and voices of the household, below warned her that the hour was at hand when her presence would be expected in the prison, and all her firmness required to aid her in sustaining herself in the performance of her duties.

Pale, trembling and tottering, she arose and reached her washstand, and bathed her head and face. Then she went to the toilet-table to comb her hair, and re-arrange her tumbled and disordered dress.

And oh! what a pale, haggard, and despairing face was that which met her view! She scarcely recognized it as her own!

"Oh! I must do better than this! I must not carry a countenance like this into the presence of my husband! Oh, Lord of Mercies! come to me in my extremity! Help me to control both my flesh and my spirit, that I may not grieve, but may console him who so much needs consolation."

Again she bathed her face; and with scrupulous care she arranged her hair and her dress, that no disorder in her appearance might suggest suspicion of the anguish in which she had passed the night. And she knelt and fervently prayed—prayed for resignation, strength and faith, and for deliverance out of their present great affliction. Then she arose, and commanding a calm and hopeful expression into her corrugated countenance, went below to join the family at their breakfast-table, previous to going to the prison.

There are many good people who regard creature comforts as the grand panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to; hence, I suppose, arose the custom of funeral feasts.

Honest Mrs. Wardour was one of this sort. Upon this morning her snowiest damask table-cloth and best china service adorned the table, which was provided with the strongest and most fragrant coffee, the most delicate buckwheat cakes, the freshest butter, the purest honey, the tenderest venison steaks, and the clearest currant jelly to be found on any breakfast-table in the county. But alas! little justice could her hapless guest do these tempting viands. A little coffee quaffed with difficulty, a morsel of bread swallowed with distress, and she arose, put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastened to the prison.

Near the gate she found Dr. Heine and Mr. Willoughby waiting for the hour of opening to be admitted.

Both these gentlemen, upon the committal of Mr. Dulanie, had been inclined to abandon him, for there is nothing that so entirely repels as the discovery, or the supposed discovery, of the guilt of those in whom we had placed implicit confidence. But as soon as a criminal is ordered for death, even those the most shocked at his guilt, the most eager in denunciation, the most zealous in prosecution, suddenly grow compassionate, do all they can to alleviate the condition of the convict; nay, had they the power, would remit the punishment.

The two gentlemen who intercepted Honora at the prison gate were of this stamp. Their faces wore the expression of profoundest sympathy. They accosted Honora with deep respect, and informed her of the errand that had brought them thither. She returned thanks, and then, addressing Dr. Heine, said—

"Doctor, my physical powers fail me, and I would not have the failure of my frame to add one feather's weight to the load of grief oppressing my husband's heart. Tell me, therefore, is there 'any balm in Gilead' to restore my energies?"

While Dr. Heine gazed in silent and respectful sympathy upon her, Mr. Willoughby reverentially raised her hand and said—

"*Pray*, my dear child. Appeal to the Source of Power who has promised that 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'"

"I do, sir; I pray daily, hourly, and I am *heard*, for I receive the promise! My spirit *is* strong—strong to endure and to attempt; but my flesh, sir, is very, very weak; I would have something to keep nerve and muscle up to their work; therefore, Doctor," she said, suddenly turning to Dr. Heine—"tell me if there is anything in *materia medica* that will aid me in this?"

"Assuredly there is, madam; Providence never left us without remedy for the most distressing of all physical ailments—the wear and tear of sorrow and anxiety. I will send you a safe restorative and support."

"I thank you, sir."

The gates being opened, they entered the prison and went up to the cell. They found Mr. Dulanie calm, firm, and self-possessed as heretofore. A night of solitude, self-examination and prayer had renewed his spirit's strength. The two gentlemen offered their services in any manner in which they could be made available to the prisoner. And their proffers were frankly accepted in case there should be need. A man of more arrogance and less justice than Godfrey Dulanie might have repudiated these offers, and replied—

"Since you cannot accept me as guiltless, I cannot permit you to serve me."

But Mr. Dulanie, in a more Christian spirit, answered—

"Since you cannot get over the evidence that has convicted me, and yet still accord me your good wishes, and good offices, I thank you, and in case of need will avail myself of your kindness—feeling sure that, sooner or later, in time or in eternity, you will know me to be guiltless, even as my Honora knows it now."

We will not linger over this interview, or over those that followed. Suffice it to say that Honora, by constant prayer, and by the occasional aid of a restorative, by using all spiritual and material means, was enabled to sustain her firm, calm, and cheerful demeanor throughout the day, in the presence of her husband, however utterly she gave way and broke down at night in the solitude of her chamber. Mr. Dulanie maintained his calmness, courage and self-possession. One favor he took occasion privately to request of the sheriff—it was that, when the death-warrant arrived, it might be read in the absence of his wife. This request was, of course, respected. The warrant came within the week, and fixed the day of execution for the 28th of February ensuing. The sheriff took occasion to read it to the prisoner during the temporary absence of Honora upon some business in the village. Upon her return she found nothing in the countenance or demeanor of her husband to suggest that anything unusual had occurred.

But while they sat together, he reading the Bible, and commenting upon its Divine words, and she engaged in some little needle work for his comfort, the door was opened and the warden appeared, asking, with his usual air of grave respect—

"Will Mr. Dulanie receive his counsel?"

"Certainly; admit them at once, Mr. Wardour," replied the prisoner.

And Messrs. Wright and Brown walked into the cell. With those already within, they almost filled the narrow space. Bowing deeply to Honora, Mr. Wright passed to the side of the prisoner, and said in a low voice—

"We have come upon business; is it your pleasure that it should be broached in the presence of this lady?"

"Assuredly, sir. You witnessed the deportment of my wife during the trial, and can have no doubt of her firmness," replied Mr. Dulanie.

"Then," said Mr. Wright, "we think that the moment has arrived when it is proper and expedient to draw up a petition for pardon to be presented to the Governor."

"A petition I do not object to. I cannot, however, consent that it shall be for *pardon*, inasmuch as that would be a virtual confession of a crime never committed—neither do I think that such a petition would be granted. But let it be for *respite*, that more opportunity may be afforded for the discovery of truth and the establishment of my innocence—innocence which must be re-iterated and insisted upon. Such a petition would also be more reasonable and more likely to be granted."

To this view of the case the counsel acceded, and after some little further consultation, they retired to draw up the document.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

THE parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.

THERESE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And so the winds of midnight blow
Across her bosom's starlit snow;
And yet she lingers on the shore,
Nor dreams his bark will come no more.

His bark? And who, alas, was he
For whom she watches wearily—
Night after night—beside the deep,
When other maidens are asleep?

He was a youth of just such mold
As are the marble gods of old,
With careless curls of midnight hue,
And dreamy eyes of deepest blue;

A poet—fiery, proud, and young,
Who brought a light guitar, and sung
His own impassioned strains at night,
Till he became her life and light;

Then said, Farewell, and passed away;
And there are those who dare to say,
That, though he wrecked her bosom's peace,
He could, and did, forget Therese;

And that a lady, past the seas,
Won by his charms and melodies,
Resigned to him her oft-sued hand,
And heart, titles, gold, and land.

And others tell that his fair form,
Once, when a fearful midnight storm
Convulsed the waves, went down to sleep
In the blue bosom of the deep.

And others say he last was seen
On Alpine hights, by a ravine;
And that his mountain guides declare
He's crushed among the rude rocks there.

And others yet say he was found,
All bathed in blood, cold on the ground,
In the Black Forest's haunted shade,
Pierced over by a brigand's blade.

Where'er he be—above, below—
This much is all that we may know:
That *she* will wait, through dark and rain,
And Allan will not come again.

THE COLONEL'S WILL.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I sat in my office one morning, engaged in making out a brief. I was young in the profession, and was bestowing the utmost care upon the preparations for my virgin efforts. I had been in practice only a year, but yet I flattered myself that I knew as much law as many who were older in the work. I was just leaning back in the endeavor to find the most fitting arrangement for a succession of brilliant ideas which had flashed upon me, when I heard a step upon the stairs. I wished the intruder to Guinea, or in the Crimea with a knapsack on his back and a score of Russians after him. My ideas were all scattered, and the half-formed arrangement knocked into pi, as the printers say. But when the door was opened, and I saw the face of Harry Topham, my ill feelings were blown to the winds.

Harry had been my school-mate in boyhood, and my class-mate in youth. We graduated at Oxford together, and when I went into the practice of law he turned his attention to the medical profession. He threw himself into a chair with a deep sigh, and then gazed into my face with one of the most woe-begone expressions I ever saw

"Mercy on me! Hal, what's the matter?" I cried, for I had never seen such a cloud on his genial face before.

"Matter enough," he replied, mournfully. "The old colonel's will has been opened."

"And Julia comes in for the bulk of the property," said I.

"Not so," he rejoined. "It all goes to Allan Aubrey—nearly every pound of it! Only think, Charley, how kind the old man was to me, even up to the last moment; and think how Julia waited upon him, and nursed him, and attended to his every want. It's too bad!"

For some moments I was too much astonished to speak. I had known Colonel Aubrey well, having visited there often with Harry. He was an old man, and had been failing for some years, having contracted a fatal disease in India. For over a year he had known that he could not get well, and hence his business had been all arranged. The only two near relations he had living were Julia Provost, the daughter of his only sister; and Allan Aubrey, who was the son of his only brother. Both these heirs were now orphans, and the colonel had given them a home beneath his roof. Allan Aubrey had inherited some property from his father, but it had been all squandered, and he had managed to get some pretty round sums from his sick uncle. He was a reckless fellow, though I had never supposed him capable of any great crime, for I did not think he had the courage to commit one.

Julia Provost had been with her uncle for several years, and had been like an own child to him. He never had a family of his own, and all his love had seemed to centre in his gentle niece. A year before he had made a will, and though none knew its contents save himself, his attorney, and the witnesses, yet we all supposed he had bequeathed the bulk of his property to Julia. He knew Allan's evil habits, and he had frequently intimated that he would not trust him with property.

"But," said I, after I had got the subject fairly comprehended, "are you sure that Allan is the heir?"

"Yes—the sole heir. The will has been opened and read."

"But there must be some mistake," I resumed. "I am sure Colonel Aubrey never meant any such thing. Moses Borden drew up the will, didn't he?"

"Yes—and has since died."

"But the witnesses to that will—where are they?"

"They were all officers who had been in India with the colonel, and they are now in the Crimea—and perhaps all dead, now, ere this."

"Then there may not be a soul living who really knew what the contents of that will were at the time it was made."

"Just so," responded Harry, with a groan. "It's too bad. I didn't think the old man would have done so."

"But Julia," said I; "she does not change with this?"

Harry's countenance fell.

"Ah," he said, "she is a curious girl. She says she will never be anybody's wife but mine, but she won't be married now. For herself she is willing to work, even as a servant, but she will not help drag me down to pecuniary trouble. She tells me frankly that her great source of joyful anticipation has been the thought that she should be able to help me along in my profession, and thus raise me to a position of honor and comfort. But now that she is penniless, or nearly so, she will not add to my burden, as she calls it. She says I must work—work—and she will do the same; and if, at some future time, we are able to make a home with some prospect of comfort, then she will be my wife, with a love unchanged."

"She is right," said I. "You have no money, and have just commenced to practice, and Julia knows that the care of a family now would involve you in difficulty, not only pecuniarily, but in retarding your progress in your profession."

He was about to make some reply, when one of my clients entered on business, and Harry took his leave, remarking, in a whisper, that he wished I would see Julia.

During the rest of that day I was very busy; but when night came, and I had retired to my lodgings, I called up the subject of my friend's misfortune. I pondered upon it for a long time, and the more I pondered, the more I became oppressed with a suspicion of foul play; I had not thought of this at first, but I thought of it now.

While I sat by my window, a party of young men, two of whom occupied a room directly over mine, came in and commenced an instrumental concert above my head. At another time I might have been entertained by the music, but it was a bore now, and I took my hat and walked out. I had gone but a short distance when a man passed me with a hurried, uneven step. A neighboring gas-jet revealed to me the features of Allan Aubrey. I was sure it was he, and, under a sudden impulse, I followed him. When he finally stopped, it was in a large gaming hall, and ere long he was engaged in play, having thrown a bag of gold upon the table.

"Ah—got the old man's property so soon?" said one of his companions, as the heavy bag struck the table.

"No," Allan replied. "But the Jews are ready enough to lend their money to me now."

And this was the man to whom was going the vast property that might have made two virtuous, faithful souls happy! I would not believe it. There was work for me to do.

I stood apart, where young Aubrey could not see me, and watched him. He played recklessly, and drank deeply. His nerves were unstrung, and an uneasy spirit moved within him. I saw it, and I knew he had something upon his mind besides the cards and the money before him, for even the great quantity of brandy he drank did not make him easy. I waited until he had lost all his gold, and borrowed and lost a thousand pounds beside, and then I left the hall.

By the time I had gained my chamber, a curious train of suspicion had become impressed upon my mind, and before I retired, I had resolved to act upon it.

On the following morning I called upon Julia Provost. She was a beautiful girl—not beautiful as some are beautiful, but lovely and loving, faithful and true, with a face as pure as virtue itself. She smiled continually when she was happy, but she had no smile now, though her face brightened when she took my hand. We spoke of her uncle's death, of his lingering sickness, and finally of his will.

"And so you have resolved not to marry with Harry now," I said, as soon as I could get around to that point.

"I cannot," she replied, with a trembling lip and a moistened eye. "Harry is but just commencing in his profession, and he must not be trammeled now. We must both work for a while. We shall be happier for it in time to come."

"You are right, Julia."

"I know I am," she added, with a grateful look.

"But allow me to ask you something about this will," I said, after a short pause. "Did you not have reason to believe that your uncle had bequeathed to you a share of his property?"

"I did, most certainly," she told me. "He never said so directly, but he used to tell me how happy I should be with Harry, and how happy it made him to feel that he had not amassed a fortune in vain."

"And he was in this mood one year ago, when his will was made?"

"Yes—he was always in that mood."

"Was Allan with him much about that time?"

"Not just then; but afterwards he behaved himself for a while, and was very attentive."

"Did he watch any with the old man?"

"Yes—a good deal."

"Do you remember when Mr. Borden, your uncle's attorney, died?"

"Yes—very well; because I remember how badly uncle felt. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that his old friends were all leaving him. Most of his brother officers had gone to the Crimea, and he expected but few of them to return."

"All the witnesses to his will were ordered to the Crimea, were they not?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Borden died shortly afterwards?"

"Yes," answered Julia, growing interested in my questions.

"Was it after the death of the attorney that Allan became so attentive to his uncle?"

"Yes."

I had no more questions to ask then, and Julia was very anxious to know what I was aiming at. I told her to rest easy and trust all to me. I was so sure, however, that the present will was a forged one that I ventured to tell her that I hoped to get a portion of her uncle's property for her.

"O—if you can!" she murmured, taking my hand, while the tears came to her eyes. "Not for my sake, for I have been richly rewarded in my uncle's love and care; but for Harry's sake—for his sake!"

I pressed her hand warmly, and having assured her that I would not rest until I had sifted the whole thing, I took my leave.

My next move was to the house of the physician who had attended Moses Borden during his illness. He was the same who had attended upon Col. Aubrey. I found him in his study, and was admitted without ceremony. He was busy, and I came upon the business at once.

"You attended Moses Borden during his last illness?" I said.

"Yes," the physician answered.

"Could you tell me what the matter was with him?"

"That would be difficult," he replied, "though I thought at the time he must have had a disease of the heart. The symptoms pointed that way. I fancied the derangement of that organ had been gradually growing upon him, and that some sudden convulsion overcame it."

"You held no post-mortem examination, I believe?"

"No. It was his own request that his body should not be mutilated. He was notional on such matters; I wished to hold such an examination, but had to give it up."

"If you had held a post-mortem should you have been much surprised had you found poison in the stomach?" I asked quietly.

The doctor started, then pondered a few moments, with his fingers upon his brow, and then gazed into my face.

"*Poison?*" he uttered, vacantly. "I never thought of such a thing."

"But if you can remember all the symptoms can you not think now?"

He thought a while, and then started to his feet.

"By my soul," he uttered, bringing his hands smartly together, "that accounts for the whole of it. I can see now how those strange symptoms may have been developed. But what mean you? Do you think the old lawyer committed suicide?"

"Should you have suspected such a thing?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Nor I. But may not another have given him poison?"

"Hold on!" cried the doctor, again seating himself "You are going too deep for my comprehension. Tell me what you mean, and then we'll talk understandingly."

"Very well," said I. "I know you will be silent and discreet. So now listen: I was not a little surprised to learn that Colonel Aubrey had willed all of his property to his nephew, and that——"

"To Allan?" interrupted the doctor, in surprise.

"Yes," said I.

"But that is impossible!—Julia Provost was his favorite, and he told me that he meant to leave her with a reward somewhat commensurate with the care she had bestowed upon him."

"So I have always supposed," I added; "but the will has been opened, and it makes Allan Aubrey the heir.—Hear me through, if you please.—The only will the old man ever made was drawn up by Mr. Borden, and signed by three officers. Shortly afterwards these witnesses were ordered to the Crimea, and shortly after that the old attorney died. About this time Allan Aubrey was not only very attentive to his uncle, but he also did considerable business, in the way of errands, copying conveyances, and so on, between the colonel and his lawyer."

I then told the doctor of what I had seen and heard, on the evening before, at the gaming-hall. When I had concluded he expressed the decided opinion that Borden had been poisoned.

"And that is not all," he added, with a sort of bewildered look.

"What more?" I asked.

"I fear the old colonel might have lived longer!"

"Do you think so?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"I never thought so before, for there was a fatal disease upon him; but my medicines did not always work as they should have done, and some of his symptoms puzzled me. I supposed at the time that there might be constitutional peculiarities which caused all this; but I fear now that all was not as it should have been."

I bade the doctor keep quiet until he saw me again, and then I took my leave. Upon the sidewalk I hesitated. Whither next? Should I try and obtain the will and take it to one of Borden's old clerks, or should I confront Allan Aubrey? I knew he was a coward, and that he would betray his guilt quick enough. But I wanted a witness. I reflected a few moments, and then returned and asked Dr. Nash if he would accompany me to Allan's lodgings. I explained my purpose, and he consented to go.

We found young Aubrey just arisen. He had been drinking soda-water. His eyes were inflamed, his features pale and livid, and his nerves much unstrung. His debauch of the night before had evidently been a deep one. He seemed uneasy as we entered, but finally succeeded in putting on quite a bold face.

"I am not very well this morning," he said, as he drew his dressing-gown more closely about him, and then swept his palm over his aching brow.

"Never mind," said I, determined to come to the business at once. "We wont detain you long. I understand that by the will which was found among your uncle's papers you are made heir to his property."

"Of course I am," he replied bravely. "I knew I should be long ago."

"But others did not think so," I resumed, eyeing him sharply. I saw that he was anxious to avoid my gaze, but I would not give him the opportunity. There is a peculiar electric influence in the fixed gaze of a questioner upon a guilty man, and this influence I meant to exert to its fullest extent.

"Others were very much mistaken, it seems," he said, with a sideway toss of the head.

"But are you sure the right will has been brought to light?" I asked, inclining my head further forward, and gazing more sternly upon him.

"Sure?—Right will?—A—a—What do you mean, sir? Do you mean to insult me?"

"Not at all," I returned, calmly. "I only want to get at the truth of this matter."

"Then take some other time," he cried, considerably excited, "I have an engagement now."

"No time like the present," I responded. "You must listen to me."

"*Must?*" he repeated, with a show of spirit.

"Aye—you MUST. It will be better for you if you do."

I spoke as sternly and authoritatively as I could, and I was not disappointed in the result. He cowed down in a moment, and seemed to shrink from me with alarm. I saw through him now. If there was not a great crime upon his soul, then never did the memory or conscience of man bear one.

"Look ye, Allan Aubrey: *Did not you forge the will under which you claim your dead uncle's property?*"

He started, and his frame trembled from head to foot; but after a mighty effort he said—

"No. You know I did not. Old Borden made the will in his own hand."

"But you are an expert penman, I believe."

"And if I am, what then?"

"Nothing—only I thought how easily you might have counterfeited the attorney's hand. But say," I continued, keeping my gaze intently fixed upon him, "was it not strange that Mr. Borden should have died just as he did—just after the three witnesses of that will had gone off to the Crimea to be food for Russian powder? Did you ever think of it?"

Allan's face assumed a more deathly hue, and he seemed to gasp for breath. He was taken by surprise. He tried to speak three separate times ere he succeeded, and then he only said,—

"I don't know anything about his death."

"But I do know all about it," I replied. "And Doctor Nash knows, too. Did you suppose that you could poison that old lawyer without his physician's knowing it? He would have spared you, even after he knew that you were also guilty of hastening your poor uncle's death by the same foul means; but when this forged will came to light——"

At this point Allan Aubrey started up from his chair, and then sank back again. His face was perfectly cadaverous, and his lips like cold marble.

"Spare me?—Oh! God have mercy!" he groaned, as his chin sank upon his bosom.

I had not expected that he would break down so easily; but we had found him in just the right time. His body was weak and faint; his nerves all unstrung; his mind harassed by recent ill-luck, and his soul burdened with the weight of a double murder. There was no going back now. I clung to him until he finally confessed that the will was a forged one. He said he had copied the original document, simply putting his own name in place of Julia's, and then destroyed it. But he would not directly admit that he had done a murder, though he did do so in fact.

"Leave me! Leave me now!" he groaned, in such agony as I never saw before. "Leave me, and I will let you come again. I am sick. I am faint. I am not well. Don't say anything of this, but come again to-morrow. Come to-morrow at this time, and—and——"

"And what?" said I.

"I'll tell you all."

"But I cannot leave until I have a confession over your own signature that you forged this new will."

"I'll write it and let you have it to-morrow," he said.

I had no suspicion then of what was to come, but something whispered to me that I had better have the confession then, while the doctor and myself could witness it. I sat down at his desk and drew up such an instrument as I wished him to sign. It simply stated that he had destroyed the real will of his uncle, after having forged the one now produced, and that by the original testament Julia Provost was made the sole heir. This I read, and Allan signed it, the doctor and myself signing as witnesses. We then left him, promising not to speak of the matter to others until we saw him again.

That afternoon Harry Topham came in to see me, and when I saw how sad and dejected he was, I had a strong desire to tell him of the precious document I had in my pocket; but I had given my word, and I would not break it.

"Confound it, it's too bad!" groaned poor Harry. "I don't care for the will, nor for the money. I've got brain, and nerve, and muscle enough to work my way up in the world, and I know I could do it better with the sweet smiles of Julia to light and cheer me on than I can alone."

"You'll have her smiles all the same, Hal," said I, cheerfully—for I felt cheerful despite his melancholy.

"No, Charley—I shan't have any such thing. She can't smile as she used to. Oh! I want her for my own. This long waiting may end in sorrow."

"Nonsense, my chum. Cheer up, and be a man. If Julia Provost isn't worth waiting for, then she isn't worth having."

"You have no sympathy for me," muttered Harry, reproachingly.

"Yes I have," said I. "But I'm busy now, Hal. Come in to-morrow, and I'll sympathize with you all day."

I said this as one of my clients—the same one who disturbed us before—entered the office. Harry went away with the gentle insinuation upon his lips that I had no feeling. Ah—he didn't know how much feeling I was hiding all the while.

On the following day, according to arrangement, the doctor and myself went to see Allan Aubrey. We ascended to his chamber and knocked at the door, but got no answer. We knocked again, but with the same result. I turned the knob, and the door easily opened. Allan was still in bed. I spoke, but he did not answer.

"Here's a note addressed to you," whispered Nash.

I turned, and saw the note upon the writing-desk, with my name upon it. A cold sweat started out upon my brow, for this came upon me suddenly and unexpectedly. I knew all ere I opened the missive. But I broke the seal before I turned to the bed again. It read as follows:—

"When you open this I shall be no more. Tell not my crimes to the world. Say I forged a will, and there let it rest. I have suffered enough—more than I can tell. The devil tempted me, and offered me a fortune for my soul, and I fell into the snare. Ask Julia to forgive me, and pray for me. She is pure, and her prayers may avail much. Oh! bid her pray God to have mercy on my soul, as I pray now. She will now have the property which our uncle meant for her, and may she be happy in its possession.

ALLAN AUBREY."

I turned to the bed, and found Allan cold and stiff. He had been dead several hours, and an empty phial upon the table, which smelled rank of laudanum, told how he had found his final sleep.

We summoned a coroner at once, and having given our testimony, we left the place. I went at once to see Julia, and found Harry with her.

"Charley," the poor fellow cried, seizing my hand, "if you love me—if you do not wish to see me go mad, advise Julia to become my wife at once. By Heaven, she shall not go out as a servant while I have a head and two hands. She says she will abide by your decision."

"Because I know what his decision will be," said Julia, firmly.

"Suppose you wait until this property is settled upon its rightful owner," I replied.

"And what then?" asked Harry, breathlessly, for he saw something in my eye.

"Why—then you and Julia can do pretty much as you have a mind to."

"What do you nean?"

"Simply that if you get Julia Provost for a wife, you'll get something like eighty thousand pounds sterling with her."

While Julia sank down pale and trembling, and Harry stood grasping my arm, I told my whole story.

"POOR ALLAN!" ejaculated Julia, and then she wept like a sorrowing child.

Harry could not speak, and I left him to comfort the heiress when he could find his tongue.

It was all plain sailing now. Allan's death would have left Julia the sole heir to the estate, without the proof of the forgery of the existing will; but it happened to be very fortunate that we obtained from him the confession as we did, for no sooner was his death made public, than an army of clamorous Jews came forth with the dead man's "promises to pay," to the aggregate amount of over twenty thousand pounds. The forgery of the will was unhesitating admitted by the proper powers, and as it was thus proved that Allan Aubrey never owned any part of his uncle's property, those sharks who had lent him money at an exorbitant rate of usury, had the privilege of keeping his autographs for their pay.

After a necessary delay, Julia Provost came into the full possession of her property, and shortly afterwards she became the wife of Harry Topham. The wedding was a brilliant affair, and we enjoyed ourselves hugely.

"We owe it all to you," murmured Julia, gazing up into my face with swimming eyes.

"Yes," cried Harry, seizing my hand. "We owe everything to you. God bless you, my noble friend! Oh! you've made us so happy! We'll never forget it—never!"

We three were alone then, and I turned towards the window to wipe a mote from my eye. There were pearly drops upon my hands, but they fell from other eyes than mine.

A MAIDEN'S SPEECH.—A maiden should neither talk scandal, nor scold, nor hate, so long, as least, as she is in love, on account of the contrast. When she has become mother of a household, with children, cows and maid-servants, no reasonable husband can object to a moderate degree of anger, and a humble share of scolding.

SUWARROW, THE RUSSIAN HERO.

He was in person miserably thin, and five feet one inch in height. A large mouth, pug nose, eyes commonly half shut, a few gray side locks, brought over the top of his bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered felt hat, ornamented with green fringe, composed the "head and front" of Field-Marshal Suwarrow; but his eyes, when open, were piercing, and in battle they were said to be terrifically expressive. When anything said or done displeased him, a wavy play of his deeply-wrinkled forehead betrayed, or rather expressed, his disapproval. He had a philosophical contempt for dress, and might often be seen drilling his men in shirt-sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore cloth, his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. These were most indifferently made, as were his large, coarsely greased, slouching boots; one of which he very commonly dispensed with, leaving his kneeband unbuttoned, and his stocking about his heel. A huge sabre and a single order completed his ordinary costume; but on grand occasions his field-marshal's uniform was covered with badges, and he was fond of telling where and how he had won them. He often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. It is said that in the first Polish war, knowing a spy was in the camp, he issued orders for an attack at cock-crow, and the enemy, expecting it in the morning, were cut to pieces at nine at night—Suwarrow having turned out the troops an hour before by his well-known cry. The evening before the storm of Ismail he informed his columns:

"To-morrow morning, an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall then dress and wash myself, and then give one good cock-crow, and capture Ismail!"

When Segur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied:

"No! when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur."

Buckets of cold water were thrown over him before he dressed, and his table was served at seven or eight o'clock with sandwiches and various messes which Dubocage describes as detestible Cossack dishes; to which men paid "the mouth honor, which they would fain deny, but dare not," lest Suwarrow should consider them effeminate. He had been very sickly in his youth, but by spare diet and cold bathing had strengthened and hardened himself into first-rate condition. English ale was his favorite drink. Soldiers, indifferently from any regiment, were his servants. His food, straw (for he used no bed), and lodging were the same as theirs. He saluted as they did; dispensed with his pockethandkerchiefs, like them; would be seen half-naked, airing his shirt and dressing himself at a watch-fire, among a crowd of them; in short, he adopted all their habits. Descending to be their friend and model, he did not only what they were obliged to do, but whatever it was to their advantage should be done; and they were proud to imitate the man who was not less their comrade than their commander, and the companion of princes. The constraint of duty was unfelt—obedience was a delight to them. They called themselves his children, and him their father; and while he attended to their wants like one, his familiar jests with them, or in their presence, made every condescension convey some lesson.

"What I say to a soldier," he observed, "is told to his comrades at night, and next day the army know it."

To impress on them the duty of implicit obedience, his aides-de-camp were accustomed to interrupt his dinner or his doze with—

"You must eat no more," or, "You must walk."

"Ah!" he would answer, in affected surprise, "by whose order?"

"By that of Field-Marshal Suwarrow," was the reply; and "he must be obeyed," was the laughing and submissive rejoinder.

He once had his arm raised to strike a soldier, when an officer boldly exclaimed:

"The Field-Marshal has commanded that no one shall give way to passion."

He desisted, saying:

"What the Field-Marshal orders, Suwarrow obeys."

His instructions tended to form the man as well as the soldier.

"If you perceive a cannon with lighted match," he directs, "rush upon it creeping: the ball will pass over your head—cannon and cannoniers are your own; overset the gun and spike it—the men may receive quarter. It is a sin to slay without a cause. Do no wrong to an unoffending party; he supplies you with meat and drink. A true soldier is no robber. Spoil is to be held sacred: if you capture a camp or fortress, it is all your own; but beware of laying your hands upon spoil without previous orders. Seek to die for the honor of the Virgin Mary, your mother (the empress), and all the royal family. The church offers up prayers for those who fall—honors and rewards await those who live. A soldier should be healthy-minded, brave, intrepid, decisive, loyal and honorable. Let him pray to God, from whom proceed victory and miraculous interpositions. God be our guide! God is our leader!" I don't know—I can't—impossible, were words he hated. "Learn—do—try," he would exclaim; "when a soldier is expected to act, and does nothing, he must do wrong; if he does something, there are chances he does rightly. Many a man has resources within himself that he is not aware of. Under Suwarrow he is sure to do his best." If he went into a house where the army bivouacked, he frequently ordered away the doors and windows. "I am not cold nor afraid," he would say, and the soldiers, who laughed as they obeyed the order, would try to brave the cold like "their father." When provisions were scarce, he not unfrequently met the difficulty by ordering a general fast, which, as he kept it religiously, was cheerfully acquiesced in by the men.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, jealousies, that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or at all events should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.

TALE-BEARERS.—There is nothing more contemptible in the world than a tale-bearer. A tale-bearer generally imagines that he is doing himself and his hearer a great deal of service. He usually, however, does both harm, and dies, as he should, friendless and despicable.

TIME is like a river, in which metals and solid substances are sunk, while chaff and straws swim upon the surface.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ASPECT OF THE WORLD.

No one can look upon the general aspect of the world, or review its changes and progress for ten years past, without being impressed with the sense that extraordinary spirits, or agencies, have been, and now are, at work. The mighty upheaving of old policies, religious and social systems, to us mark the presence of some more potent influence than is visible to the eye of sense. Almost simultaneously, great revolutions have convulsed the four quarters of the globe, and the human race have been strangely moved and quickened in destructive or productive activity. While Europe awoke at the shout of trampled millions, suddenly inspired to demand freedom, and to hurl down blood-cemented thrones, and dynasties hoary with age and crime, Asia to her centre felt a renewing spirit, and the Chinese Empire rose against its Tartar oppressors, filled with a new religion, a new policy, and a promise—on the tongue at least—of the social and political regeneration of a mighty people.

Nor were the more familiar regions of the Old World alone convulsed. Coincident with their revolutions, the gold discoveries of California and Australia made the hearts of universal enterprise and avarice throb, like the pulse of a sudden tempest. Myriads of men rushed to and fro—old homes were abandoned, old and tender ties sundered, and from the snowy North,

> "Whose frigid wind,
> Keener and colder than the frosted spears
> Of polar seas, that pierce the ocean's rind
> And prick the sky,"

to the sunny South, where the tropic sky is a-flame with radiant heat, migrated gold-seeking legions. All suddenly the earth trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons, driven to carnage and death, and of vaster armies, allured by a subtler and mightier god than War—some to gather fortune, and many to wreck their all in desert wastes, where their whitening bones are a sad and warning monument. Never before has the world beheld the like. It was as if the elements without and within had conspired to awaken mankind—to shake together, as in a sieve, the nations and races, peradventure for the cleansing of the grain from the chaff.

And what is most remarkable, light and progress to the aggregate of humanity have followed these upheavings. The despotisms of caste and creed have been and are being questioned, sifted, and abjured, as they were never before. The universal heart of man has been made to hunger and thirst after his age-strangled rights—his heaven-born prerogatives. True, re-action may seem here and there to cloud the luminous dawn of the better day, but re-actions with peoples once truly awakened, are but pauses in the storm which must, sooner or later, vent its fury and its fires, and leave the atmosphere pure, and clear, and radiant as the azure heavens by which it is panoplied.

God's purposes are subserved in all things. His ways may seem to us inscrutable, standing, as we do, on the mortal level—but be assured they are just, and work together for his glory and the good of man. When we shall be uplifted, to look down and abroad upon the record of God's providence, as written all over the universe—a revelation and a gospel that cannot change or fail—we shall behold that in this, our day and generation, in all these revolutions, the Almighty's hand moved in the storm, guiding the encountering elements, determining the issues, and perfecting the destinies of our race. We shall behold that myriads of his spirits were participants in the divine drama of the earth, and that all life, however it may seem to us actuated contrary to God's will, was—as from the beginning—convergent toward its Creator, drawn thither by chords of irresistible attraction and love, and fulfilling to the letter the eternal design.

* * *

☞ Remember, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, and stigmatize him as "small" that by-and-by he can afford to be generous when you have nothing to give. He will ere long be able to impart of his abundance to alleviate the wants of the suffering and destitute, and your children may be objects of his charity.

We don't exactly like the above. Young men should be industrious, economical, and disposed to lay up a part of their earnings for future use; but we would not by any means have them become parsimonious and niggardly in their habits. We detest the miser as much as we do the spendthrift;—they both go to extremes. While we believe that every man, both young and old, should live within his means, if possible, and endeavor to accumulate *some* money, at least, for a "rainy day," at the same time, we don't like the idea of people depriving themselves of every comfort, and setting their whole thoughts on piling up the dollars. There is a prudent medium.

* * *

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.—A poet says, "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came and left its *traces* there." What became of the balance of the *harness* he don't state.

OUR COUNTRY.

"Stand by the country" is the motto of every true American—aye, of every true man, the world over. He is a traitor who forsakes his country when she is in the right, nor less so when she is in the wrong, for he, if he be her citizen, is one of the many who have power to place her in the right. Woe unto him who boasts the land of his nativity in her hour of sunshine, when her star is unclouded, and her path beautiful and bright as the gates of the morning, but shrinks from her when danger hovers on the horizon, and foes lift their hands and voices against her. We say this, not that we believe there lives one

> "With soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land."

We doubt if there is one such between the wide boundaries of our Union—one who, if the appeal were made to him, would refuse to shed his heart's last drop to maintain his country's interests and honor. The American loves his country for the blood of the fathers that consecrated it to freedom; for the glories of its past and the promise of its future; loves it because it is an experiment of his own, an illustration of his feelings, his sentiments, his hopes and his wills, and he prays and battles for it as he would for his home. His country is a part, not only of a material life, elevated above the life of man in other countries, but of a proud aspiration, which belongs to the possessors of young, virtuous, and prosperous nations. God bless and encourage such aspirations! And we believe he does, and that it is only when a race becomes faithless to itself and its national weal, that it is forsaken. While it connects itself and its country with the furtherest future, and in aspiring to triumph, makes the destiny of self and country inseparable, it must and will triumph.

The destiny of this union is little comprehended by the multitude. Its genius and principles are not to be confined by latitude or longitude, as those of other nations have been, for they embrace the essence of what all men do, or will, covet, command and enjoy, in the way of government. To stand by the country, then, is not to stand sentry on the shores of the St. Lawrence or the Gulf of Mexico, nor on the ocean coast, but to push forwprd, and stand by the principles and interests which the genius of the Republic suggests. We have overleaped all the circles drawn by the "Revolutionary fathers," and we shall go on overleaping until a hemisphere, at least, is gathered into one grand circle. Let the American stand by his country, not only for what it is, but for *what it is to be*. The future that is before it will shame the fears and prophecies of the timid, and justify the hopes and love of the proudest of freemen. Stand by the country!

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The character of the American is stamped with many and bold peculiarities. Schooled or unschooled, he never lacks capacity to accomplish what he undertakes—whatever is possible to man. He has an instinctive ingenuity which devises new ways to accomplish everything; his disposition is to cut loose from the antique and customary. Nothing delights him so much as experiment and hazard, and experiment he will, though the price be annihilation. What has made this "Anglo-Saxon" so different from his progenitor—so utterly unconservative? Nothing but the force of circumstances. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and of course the inspirer of the inventive—and who has had more necessity to battle than the American? A voluntary pilgrim to the wilderness, his life has been molded and strengthened, and his wits sharpened by the very vicissitudes of his condition. It is almost strange that such an ordeal has not left him uncouth and savage, but instead of this he is the frankest, most generous, and, if he chooses, the most polished of men. He who has felt peril, want and suffering, knows how to exercise human sympathies. The wilderness, rugged life, and comparative outward poverty of the American have made him independent, ingenuous and noble, beyond the measure of ribbons and titles. He is born and bred to think and act for himself as soon as he is clear of the nursery.

And what giants have grown of his stock—men exalted in every art and profession. Heroes, sages and bards, and best of all, intelligent, hard-working men, proud of their crafts and callings. Energy and endurance are synonymous with the American. These push him to the outermost verge of things. They unfurl his sails in the remotest seas, and pluck imperial trophies for him from battle-fields. By the qualities of his social organism and civilization he is carnivorous. He swallows up, and will continue to swallow up, whatever comes in contact with him—man or empire. Whoever closely scans the aspect of the genus man on earth, cannot fail to see that the Anglo-Saxon is destined to conquer the world—and the American branch of the family will get the larger share of the spoil.

OUR HOMES.

Men-readers of the LEDGER, have you ever, or do you often consider especially the subject of your homes? Have you reflected upon the fact, established as sure as anything under the sun, that home, in the true sense of the word, is the dearest and most sacred place on earth; the type and foretaste of paradise; the best citadel of the Republic; the most perfect sphere of government, and the noblest model of a State? If not, then you have not contemplated home in all its possibilities—you have not enjoyed it in all its luxury, dignity, and grandeur. You have not enjoyed nor contemplated it as the birth and nurturing place of manhood and womanhood in their most endearing, most exalted, and most heroic forms. You have not been purified and glorified by its loves and tendernesses, suffusing all as one of the perfect family group, by virtue of unity of flesh and blood, of interests, hopes, purposes and pursuits.

Our homes should be with us all a tender matter of momently thought. Fathers, husbands, brothers—whatever our relation to that dear, domestic shrine, we should study to make it our center of social attraction.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

The following advertisement we cut from one of the morning papers:

TO AUGUSTUS.—Return to your darling, devoted "Petite." She wont be naughty any more, and will send Ponto away if he snaps at you again. At the usual place at seven. Don't fail, if you would not make your "Petite" miserable.—*Au revoir*.

If "Augustus" can hold out after such an appeal, then his heart must be harder than the Sphinx's. The offer of the "darling, devoted Petite" to sacrifice even "Ponto"—the name probably of her *other* pet poodle—upon the altar of her affection, is a proof of devotion such as it does one good to contemplate in a girl of the present day. Therefore, we hope that Augustus will be "at the usual place (wherever that is) at seven" to a minute, that the devoted Petite may not be "made miserable."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

AUNT MAGGIE.

Maggie More—that was her name—people who knew her well called her Aunt Maggie; this did not displease her; she was a sociable little body, quite willing to befriend anybody who felt the need of an aunt, or whom the world had used hardly. Maggie was not rich, as we use the word, but she was rich in good health, in good temper, and a certain faculty of making the best of everything that happened. The little shop she kept would have made a Broadway store-keeper laugh. Well, let him laugh; he could afford to do it, if he never made a dishonest penny oftener than Aunt Maggie. *She* never told a poor soul who had scraped a few shillings together to buy a calico dress, that "it would wash," (meaning that it would wash *out*.) *Her* yard-stick never had a way of slipping, so that six yards and a half measured, when you got it home, but six yards. She never gave crossed sixpences and shillings to children who were sent to buy tape and needles; and so, as I told you, Aunt Maggie did not get rich as fast as they who do such things; but Maggie had read in a Book which the people I speak of seldom open, because when they do, it is sure to prick their consciences—Aunt Maggie had read in that Book, that "they who make haste to be rich shall not be innocent," and she believed it. She had not yet outgrown the Bible; it did not lay on her little deal table merely to gather dust, or that the minister might see it when he called once a year. She did not think that, though the Bible was well enough for those who lived at the time it was written, it could teach her nothing at this day; she did not think it a proof of courage or of a superior understanding, to make light of its blessed teachings. No, no, Aunt Maggie knew better; she had seen too many in her lifetime, who had talked that way when everything went well with them, sink down in despair when the waves of trouble dashed over them, and she had seen too many whom that blessed Book had buoyed up through billows of trouble that rolled mountain-high, not to cling to the Bible. No, no; Aunt Maggie was an old woman, but she was not yet old enough to let go her Heavenly Father's hand, and try to walk alone. She knew how surely she should stumble and fall if she did.

Nor did Aunt Maggie's religion consist merely in reading her Bible and going to church; when she read on its pages, "Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," she did it.

"What is the matter, Aunt Maggie?" asked a bronzed sea captain, who had rolled into her little shop to buy a new watch-ribbon. "This is the first time I ever saw you look as if there was a squall a-head. Got any watch-ribbons, Aunt Maggie?—none of your flimsy things for an old sea-dog like me. Give us something that will stand a twitch or two—that's it—take your pay—(throwing her his purse)—and mind you take enough—there's nobody else wants it now"—and the old captain drew a long sigh.

"The Lord does," answered Aunt Maggie, folding her arms on the counter, and looking earnestly in the captain's face.

"What do you mean by that, hey? Has some Bible Society run a-foul of you? Want a church built to shut out everybody who don't believe as you do eh, Aunt Maggie?" and the old captain stowed away a bit of tobacco in his cheek with a knowing look.

"It's just here," said Aunt Maggie—"the poor ye have always with you; that was said a great many thousand years ago, but it is just as true now."

"I don't know who should know, Aunt, better than you," said the captain; "you who are always helping them. Go on."

"Well, there's a poor young creature who lies dead a stone's throw from here, an English girl, whose husband brought her to this country, and then left her to take care of herself. I was with her all last night, and this morning she laid her little babe in my arms, and I promised to care for it when she was gone. Poor thing, she had her senses but a few minutes to tell me anything. Her parents, it seems, disinherited her for marrying her husband. She would not tell their name. She had pawned, one by one, every article in her possession for money; and now there's the babe. God helping me, she shall be taken care of as I promised, but you know it's little I have—and the mother must have decent burial."

"English—did you say she was?" asked the captain.

"Aye—English," said Aunt Maggie—"fair-haired and blue-eyed—the pride of some home. Oh, how little they, who must have loved her once, think how cold and desolate she lies now. It is well," said Aunt Maggie, "that *God* can forgive—when earthly parents turn away."

"You don't know what it is, Aunt Maggie," said the captain, striding across the floor, "to have the child you loved better than your heart's blood, leave your arms for a stranger's whom she has known mayhap but a day."

"It must be bitter," said Aunt Maggie, "and yet, year after year, we turn our backs upon Him who has done more for us than any earthly parent can. If He still feeds us, cares for us, forgives us, what are *we* to——"

"True—true," said the old captain, dashing his hand across his eyes; "this girl is English, you say?"

"Yes; and as you are English, too, I thought mayhap you'd like to help a country woman; I am going to see to the babe now," said Aunt Maggie, "mayhap you'd like to see it, too?"

"Aye—aye," replied the captain.

On they went, to the end of the long street—past grog-shops, and pawn-shops, and mock-auction-shops, and second-hand furniture-shops, and rickety old tenement houses, where ragged clothes flapped and broken windows were stuffed with paper, where dogs barked and parrots screamed: for many of these poor people, who can scarcely keep themselves, keep these pets,—past young girls, homeless and shameless alas!—past young men, old, not in years, but in sin—past little children, who only knew God's blessed name to blaspheme it. At last Aunt Maggie turned down an alley, dark, narrow, and dingy, and entering one of the low doors began to ascend the creaky stairs that seemed swarming with children of all sorts and sizes, dwarfed in the cradle by disease and neglect. When Aunt Maggie reached the top flight, she stopped before a door, through which came the faint wailing of a little babe and the low lullaby of a woman's voice. Upon the bed opposite the door lay the dead woman, with a sheet thrown over her face.

"Would you like to see her?" asked Aunt Maggie, turning to the captain. "'Tis a sweet face."

"Yes—no," answered the captain, turning away, and then advancing again toward the bed—

"Mary—Mary!" he cried, as the pale up-turned face lay uncovered before him: "*my* Mary *here!*" and he threw his arms around the neck of the dead girl, and trembled like the strong tree before the tempest blast.

"*His* Mary!" murmured Aunt Maggie, taking the motherless babe from the old woman's arms; "*his* Mary—then this is his grandchild. Didn't I say that the Lord would provide for the helpless."

Yes, "*his* Mary!" Death hides all faults. We only remember the goodness of those upon whose marble faces our tears fall fast; and so the old captain took his little grandchild to his heart, and Aunt Maggie left her little shop and became its nurse. And not till many years after, when the little babe had grown to be a tall girl, did Aunt Maggie tell her the story that I have been telling you.

FANNY FERN.

SONG.

As I went out to plow the corn
  Of the field beside the mill,
In the tender light of the early morn,
  My heart was calm and still;
And the sheep, with fleeces wet with dew,
  Were dragging up the hill.

As I went home at the shut of day,
  In a window of the mill
There hung modest Muriel May
  Like a lily over the sill;
And when again I plowed the corn
  My heart was not so still!

ALICE CARY.

FEAR.

There is but one fear to which the human mind should yield perfect and constant obedience, to wit: "Fear God and keep His commandments;" which embraces the fear of doing evil. Beyond this, fear is a wretched conjuration, a miserable phantom—evoked by ignorance and superstition, and borne by timidity and cowardice. And yet, baseless as it is, how filled the human world is with it. Associate of darkness as of guilt, it haunts the gloomiest recesses of the soul, even as it clings to the waste and ruin-places of the earth. Ah, if they knew who plant and nurse its bitter seed in young fancies, the harvest of wretchedness to which they doom each generation, they would shrink in terror from their horrid work. Ghost, and fairy, and bug-bear legends would die out in the nursery, and witches and elves be traditioned no more in the chimney corners.

Out on the whole race of malevolents—soothsayers, second-sight seers, prophets and fortune-tellers—who poison the human mind with imaginings of things that are not, and never were, save in "distempered fancy." Malevolents, who people the grave-yards with unshriven ghosts, and the lonely way-side at nightfall with grinning spectres, and the darksome garrets and cellars with "goblins damned." Malevolents, who cannot be content with suffering the horrors of fear themselves, but must pass on the evil legacy to fresh and innocent generations. Malevolents, who gloat over their power to dwindle confiding childhood, until it shrinks in the dark at the tread of its own footstep, and the sound of its own voice—until, more timid than the beasts, over which it is given to rule, it shudders at shadows.

Avaunt, ye wicked sorcerers of the mind! Avaunt, blasphemers, who, teaching that night is less hallowed by good spirits than the day, exalt the sun above its Maker, who is equally the God of the night and the day! Wretched, baseles, fear! bitterest of the cups of mortal life—from what dismal fen, companion of nightmare, idiocy and madness, didst thou first arise to torment humanity? What grim and gloomy guilt gave thee birth, and spread thy spawn through all the world? Some demon surely was thy sire, for of thee and all thy brood there has come naught but horror, loathsomeness and torture. Thou marrest the most trivial pleasures and poisonest the loftiest thoughts; for since thou wert, childhood fears and manhood fears—by day and by night, in life and in death, thou stalkest, phantom-like, among us. Thou terrifiest childhood until it cannot sleep, and of thy grimmest form it has been said, "Men die a thousand deaths in *fearing* one." Fear is the just, eternal recompense of guilt—but why should innocence, why should sinless childhood fear? It does not, but as it inherits or is taught. Sad truth, the nursery and the fireside teach and breed more fears than all things else. Not all the *ignis-fatuus*-peopled fens, nor creaking gibbet chains, nor cross-road monuments of unburied bones, nor night-wailing of wintry winds, nor sobbing of tempests on the moors, nor death-ticks on the wall, nor

> "Vexing shades and premonitions strange,"

can vie with that baleful spirit of the nursery and fireside, which, from age to age, delights to croon of devilish things and horrible, until the world is as populous in "spooks" as in brains. Down with this eager tendency of our nature to feast on lurid accounts of diabolism—let us crush it, root and branch, and begin the work by banishing goblin-story-books and goblin-story-tellers from our nurseries and firesides. These two sacred places are the deepest and direst birth-places of Fear.

* * *

☞ When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to get married or live single, he replied—"Let him do either, and he will repent it."

Socrates doubtless was a great man; but we object to the truth of what he utters in the above sentence. There are an innumerable host of men that marry and *never* repent of it. For instance, we once knew a fortune-hunting young man who married a maiden lady on the wintry side of fifty. She was worth some fifty thousand dollars, and died in less than a week after the celebration of the nuptial ceremonies. He inherited her property, and *he* never repented his marriage, nor are we aware that he even regretted her death.

* * *

☞ "I feel," moaned a dying cobbler, "that I *wax* weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my *end*; a few more *stitches* and all will be over. In Heaven there is rest for the *sole*—earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot *heal*." Having said *awl* he wished, he calmly breathed his *last*.

A decent pun is very good in its place; but the above strikes us as harping a trifle too much on serious subjects. If a man can't make a pun without trifling with *death*, *Heaven*, and the condition of his own *soul* hereafter, he had better give up the pen, and commence sweeping the streets or carrying the hod; anything but dealing in the above blasphemy.

* * *

☞ An acknowledged aristocracy of some sort seems indispensable to social happiness and contentment. It is in the order of nature.

No, sir, it is not in the order of nature. Nature and Nature's God countenance no such "exclusiveness." What is an aristocrat? Is he anything more than a silly, weak-minded, vain, stuck-up, purse-proud creature, who would fain "lord it over God's heritage?"

* * *

ONE OF OUR IMITATORS.—A Philadelphia weekly which has been trying hard to imitate our advertising system, has come out in a new dress, upon which it has received the congratulations of its exchanges. We cheerfully add ours, with the single suggestion, that if it will get new *brains*, as well as new type, its success will be more probable.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MANY masqueraders on the stage of real life betray themselves by overacting their parts. This is especially the case with religious pretenders, and for an obvious reason—they increase the outward and visible sign in proportion as they feel themselves deficient in the inward grace. Even when they flounder and fail in their hypocrisy, they would persuade us that their very blunders proceed from a heavenly impulse. They remind one of the fat friar, who, being about to mount his mule, called upon his patron saint to assist him, and gave such a vigorous spring at the same time, that he fell over on the other side, when he exclaimed, with an air of complacency, "Hallo! the good saint has helped me a little too much."

OBJECTS become shadowy to the bodily eye as they are more remote, but, to the mental eye of age, the most distant are the most distinct. A man of eighty may forget that he was seventy, but he never forgets that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuveniscence? for this process amounts to a partial new birth out of a partial decease, preparatory to a total resurrection out of total dissolution.

SOME men are so excessively patriotic that they must insist upon their own country's excelling all others in everything. An Englishman, traveling in the United States, saw a crowd laughing at the antics of an idiot. "Ah," exclaimed he to his comrade, "idiots are a great deal more numerous in Great Britain than in this stupid country."

A YOUNG man recently applied for a divorce from his wife, in a neighboring State, on the ground that he had been "married without his knowledge or consent." They had, however, a couple of children. If the whole was without his knowledge or consent, we certainly think him well entitled to a divorce.

A WESTERN editor says that a contemporary of his is "trying to keep his craft afloat," but he adds, "let us get one fair shot at him with our long gun, and the gentleman will be sunk in five minutes." Unquestionably we have rarely known any editor who could "*sink the gentleman*" in shorter order.

SOME make religion their business; others make business their religion. Two commercial travelers, conversing upon spiritual subjects, one asked the other if he was a Methodist. "No," replied the man of business, "what little I do in the religious way is in the Unitarian line."

A WESTERN editor says that "persons, during the recent financial panic, were egged on by certain corporations to make a run upon the banks." They may have been "egged on," but it is very certain that, in a few instances in Kentucky, they were egged *off* again.

PITHY enough was the reply of the avaricious old man, who, being asked by a military officer of doubtful courage, what pleasure he found in amassing riches which he never used, answered: "Much the same that you have in wearing a sword."

"IT is impossible," said one politician to another, "to say where your party ends and the opposition party begins." "Well, sir," replied the other, "if you were riding a jackass, it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the ass began."

A VERY plain gentleman of our acquaintance, against whom a suit at law has been brought, declares that he means to appear personally in his own favor. We must assure him, in all kindness, that his personal appearance is never in his favor.

LAW's observation that "every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of in others," savors not of misanthropy, but of that doubly beneficial feeling which inculcates humility and universal charity.

LAST week a man bought goods in one of the towns of Indiana, and offered a forged check in payment. A constable at hand, whose name was Cash, promptly arrested him. The rascal's check wasn't *cashed*, but *he* was.

A KENTUCKY farmer advertizes that he has had two counterpanes and three sheets stolen from his yard. Why didn't he keep the sheets in his house? Why keep "three sheets in the wind?"

AN Arkansas editor says that those who call him a tool make a mistake. Yes, they haven't "got the thing to a *t*." They put a *t* for an *f*, and ought to make amends by a prompt correction.

THE Sunday School Journal says, in a truly Christian spirit, "always give a kiss for a blow." We should have no objection to obeying the injunction, if the offender were always a pretty girl.

A CONTEMPORARY of ours, who fancies himself beset by enemies, says that he is "determined to sell his life as dearly as possible." We really think that, if he gets sixpence for it, he will die a swindler.

COMPLIMENTS, carried to an extravagant extent, become rude offences. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a lock of hair, and trying to take the whole scalp.

A NOTORIOUS contemporary says that he "cannot be convicted of a single falsehood." Then the only reason is, that his falsehoods always hunt in couples.

MANY a personage thinks himself necessarily a great man, because, like Julius Cæsar, he has lost his hair, or, like Cicero, has a wart upon his nose.

WHEN a man gets into office, he generally insists on staying there. It is easier to catch him than to gecured of him.

WAITING for a railroad train is only less tedious and annoying than waiting for a train of thought.

I HAVE lost my watch overboard. Is there any way to recover it? Oh, yes, *divers* ways.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia, is to be celebrated some time during the latter half of this month. The expenses are to be on a scale of unprecedented costliness, notwithstanding the hard times and general bankruptcy of the country. Kings, queens, princes and princesses are not supposed to know anything about such "vulgar affairs" as the distress and beggary of the people.

A WOMAN named Freeman, living in Sussex, Virginia, recently murdered her husband by first shooting him, then beating him over the head with her gun until he was senseless, and then cutting his throat. She gave as a reason for her horrid act that she heard her husband say he meant to kill her, and she thought she would be beforehand with him.

THE London Times says that there are at least five thousand persons in England, Scotland and Ireland now bankrupt in fortune, and many of them in character, who were considered wealthy men, and men of irreproachable credit and integrity, six months ago. The same journal says that the entire business condition of Great Britain is *rotten to the core*.

A YOUNG MAN, named Smither, recently murdered his mother and brother, at Thornton Heath, near London, by pouring a powerful poison, that was instantaneously fatal, into their mouths while they were asleep, and then committed suicide by taking a dose of the same poison himself.

JOHN FLOYD, of Michigan City, Indiana, was returning from a hunting expedition a short time since, and climbing upon a loaded wagon, he attempted to draw his loaded gun up after him, when it went off, and the charge tore off the top of his head, causing instant death.

IT is reported that the Nicaraguans have determined, in case they should be further molested by fillibusters, to poison the water, bread, and other food and beverages of the country, to an extent sufficient to rid themselves of their foes.

DR. SPANGLER, an old physician of Zanesville, Ohio, was instantly killed, a short time since, as he was entering his own house, by a piece of iron shot from a small cannon, with which some little boys were playing near by.

ALFRED LAWRENCE recently had his face blown off by the accidental discharge of his gun, while standing in a crowd of persons assembled at a shooting match, on the bank of the river opposite Yardville, New Jersey.

THE execution of the law upon murderers seems to be returning to its former stringency. Thirteen persons have been hanged in different parts of the country within a month past.

A MARRIED man, over fifty years of age, recently eloped from Portsmouth, N. H., with a girl only seventeen years old.

A FARMER of Southville, Conn., has lately lost several cattle, by their licking the paint from a newly-painted barn. Farmers, beware!

JAMES RUSSELL was mortally wounded in Philadelphia, by the glancing of a rifle ball fired at a mark, a few days since.

TO-DAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The day goes down into the dark,
As in the sea, some splendid bark,
And twilight comes to view the wreck
Wearing the new moon on her neck.

The silence is so thin and new,
Some pleasant sounds keep breaking through—
The watch-dog's bay, the dip of oars,
The farm-boy singing at his chores ;

The far-off low, the near-by stir
And chirping of the grasshopper,
That from his house of grass looks
To see what insects are about.

And in the dim, delicious light,
What pictures make the landscape bright.
Flying across the cattle-tracts,
Come humble-bees with golden backs,
Pushing their round and clumsy heads
Into the crimson clover beds,
Where stand in rows the sleepy flocks,
Like lilies among hollyhocks.

Past the red brick-yard—through the flats,
Where congregations of sad bats
Make the air heavy—round the pool,
Where whippoorwills have singing-school ;
Along the hills, and up so high,
I think its end is in the sky,
The dusty road winds.

I can see
The black limbs of the walnut tree
Spreading their shelter high above
The modest house where lives my love,
Knitting her thoughts, as sleep does dreams,
Into the starlight's silver gleams.

Poets, in melancholy lays
Many sorrow for their childhood's days,
And rhyme about the gilded flowers
And moonshine of evanished hours ·
As if no plot of life were found
Enameled so on mortal ground ;
But for myself, no time has been
Better than this I'm writing in ;
And should I travel any way
To find a brighter close of day,
'Twere toward the shining morn of one
That never yet has kissed the sun ;
For Heaven doth not our needs abhor,
Nor leave us unprovided for.

RICHARD HOFFMAN ;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION

CHAPTER VII.

Long before any one in the house was stirring, Richard Hoffman was up and examining the room in which he had passed the night a prisoner. All idea of danger or violence being intended to himself had vanished—he had nothing to lose ; and yet he scarcely felt less wretched, for his thoughts were of those whom he had left in want and misery. His mother's sorrow, he well knew, must have been increased by the agony and suspense his absence had occasioned. Poor Mary, too, what would he not have given to have ascertained her state?

His first care, on quitting the comfortable bed, was to raise the window. The view, like most views from the back of London houses, was a cheerless one. A wilderness of roofs, chimney-pots, and tiles, on which the sparrows were hopping and chirping as merrily as if there were no such things as green fields, trees, or pleasant lanes. The youth regarded them with a feeling of envy—for they were at liberty, he a prisoner.

The hight of the window from the ground was at least sixty feet ; to descend from it without a ladder or a rope, impossible. Had Jack Manders been in a similar situation, in all probability he would have manufactured the last from the sheets and curtains of the bed, for he was a lad of uncommon fertility of invention, and had been trained in a different school from our hero. His uncle had made Newgate gymnastics, as they are called in the profession, a branch of his education.

The prisoner raised his eyes to the roof, which projected over the wall, at a distance far beyond his reach, even if he had possessed the nerve to trust himself to it.

Disappointed in his hopes of escape that way, Richard next directed his attention towards the door, a good solid one, and tried the lock, which resisted all his efforts to force it.

"I must cut the wood-work from the catch," he thought ; "it is my only chance."

He had a knife in his pocket and he set to work most resolutely. How his last night's companion would have smiled had he seen the useless labor and the pile of chips which gradually accumulated on the floor. With a knife, or even a rusty nail, he would have undertaken to pick a much stronger lock than the one which held our hero a prisoner.

The poor boy labored so earnestly that in a very short time he came to one of the screws which held the lock, when the blade broke. His last hope was gone.

Overcome with vexation and disappointment, he threw himself upon the bed, and buried his face in the pillow to hide the tears he felt ashamed of.

Two hours later, when the servant brought him his breakfast, he looked uncommonly surprised at the proof of the prisoner's industry, but made no observation, his master having forbidden him strictly either to ask or answer any question. He arranged the things quietly upon the table, and quitted the room, locking the door carefully after him.

When, at a later period of the day, the lawyer visited his charge, he found him sitting mournfully by the window ; the breakfast on the table untasted.

"This is foolish, my poor boy," he observed, in a kindly tone.

"You may keep me here," replied our hero, firmly ; "but can't compel me to eat."

"Hunger will compel you," answered the gentleman, "as it has done hardened and resolute men who have made a similar resolve, and broken it. You have never felt what hunger really is."

His prisoner gave a sickly smile.

"In its first stages," continued Mr. Morton, "probably it may have been familiar to you, but not in its last, when the gnawing pain becomes agony—madness ; in which parents have been known to destroy the infant they could no longer nourish at their tortured breasts ; the shipwrecked mariner to sacrifice the life of the comrade by his side, which a few hours before he would have risked his own to save. This is folly—utter folly. Why distress those who wish you well?"

"I cannot eat," exclaimed Richard Hoffman ; "and know that those I love are starving!"

"You allude to your mother and sister?"

"Yes."

"They will be taken care of—doubtless are by this time ; for the gentleman who has taken an interest in you promised me that such should be the case ; and he is one who never breaks his word."

"Bless him!" said the youth, in a tone of deep emotion. "O bless him for that!—but if he is so benevolent, why am I detained here?"

"For your good."

Richard regarded him doubtfully.

"And the good of those who are dearest to you," observed his visitor. "Your benefactor is a man of vast wealth, but rather eccentric in his mode of acting and thinking. He has ascertained that your story is a true one—more : learnt that which you carefully concealed from him."

"Concealed from him?" repeated our hero, with surprise.

"Yes ; the drunken habits of your father."

The prisoner colored deeply.

"Which caused the poverty, misery and degradation, not only of his wife, but children."

"It was not my place, sir, to speak of the failings of a parent."

"Right," said the gentleman, approvingly. "I have no doubt but we shall perfectly understand each other in time. The friend whom Providence has so unexpectedly raised up for you at the moment when you stood upon the verge of crime acts not as ordinary minds would act. He has determined to withdraw you from the debasing influence of such an example—to educate you and provide for you, on one condition."

"Name it, sir."

"That you consent to quit London for the residence of a clergyman in a distant part of the kingdom, who receives only six pupils, and—"

"Quit London without seeing my mother!" exclaimed the prisoner, indignantly. "Never—never!"

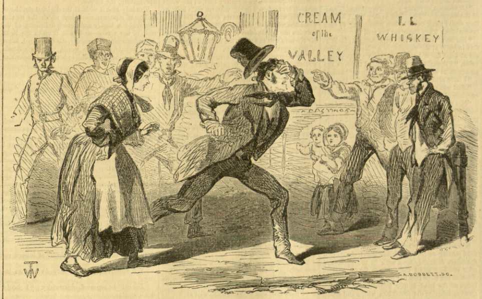
"You forget the advantages."

"No, I don't."

"The opportunity of rescuing yourself from a life of misery, if not of crime—of obtaining an honorable position in the world's esteem—of eventually serving those you love."

The boy shook his head impatiently : his heart was unconvinced.

"Hear me out," added his adviser. "Should you refuse, my instructions are to take you before a magistrate. The gentleman will appear against you, and the result will be—"



"I KNEW HE WOULD BE A THIEF, BECAUSE HIS FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD."

"An acquittal ; my prosecutor knows I am no thief ; his own evidence will prove my innocence."

"But render you liable to be sent for two years to the penitentiary," observed the lawyer, gravely, "as the associate of one."

The countenance of the youth flushed with shame, and then turned pale.

"Your fate is in your own hands."

"If I could only see the gentleman," murmured Richard.

"It would be useless," replied the former. "Come," he added, placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, "act reasonably, and I will so far exceed my instructions, as to permit you to write to your mother."

"To write, and not see her, sir?"

"The last I dare not grant."

"And what proof have I that, even if I were to consent, you would keep faith with me?"

"My word," answered his adviser. "You doubt me ; perhaps it is not unnatural that you should do so, for much that has taken place must appear incomprehensible to you. Did you observe or hear anything," he continued, "when brought to my house last night?"

"I heard music, sir, and the sound of feet in the room above me, as if there was dancing."

"They were my children, Richard," said Mr. Morton, "the beings for whom I toil in an arduous profession ; they are at home for the holidays ; one of them is a lad about your own age. Think you that his father would degrade himself by a lie?"

"No!" exclaimed the youth, regarding him earnestly ; "my father would not do that."

"You consent, then?"

"Yes."

The promise was reluctantly given—torn from him by the force of circumstances beyond the poor boy's power to control. Older heads ere now have been compelled to bow to the same fatal law, necessity ; still there was a mental reservation of escaping if he could.

"And you promise not to run away," added the lawyer.

"Don't ask me to promise that," answered the youth ; "for if I saw a chance of liberty, my heart tells me I should break it."

There was a frankness and honesty in the reply which confirmed the good opinion the agent of his mysterious benefactor began to entertain of him. His profession more, perhaps, than any other, afforded opportunities for judging of the heart ; and he had long since come to the conclusion that it was unwise to tax humanity beyond its strength. He liked our hero all the better for his refusal.

"I must trust then to the vigilance of my servant," he observed, with a quiet smile, "and the security of an additional bolt to your door. You have been tampering with the lock, I perceive, already."

"And should have succeeded if my knife had not broken."

"Perhaps," said the lawyer ; "but you must first have passed through my office, where there are half a dozen clerks."

"When shall I write my letter?" demanded Richard Hoffman, with a sigh, for he saw how hopeless any attempt to quit the house must prove.

"*After breakfast*," said Mr. Morton, pointing to the tray, with a smile. "You are at liberty to state in it that you have found a friend who has promised to provide for and assist you ; but my name must not be mentioned."

The youth considered that the prohibition was at least a guarantee of his intention to deliver it ; and, with a heavy heart, he sat down to the well-spread table before him.

"If my mother and Mary could only share it with me," he thought, "how happy it would make them."

Little did he imagine the change that had taken place in his absence.

The letter was written. Our readers are already aware of the circumstance of Rachel's removal, which prevented her at that time from receiving it.

At the end of a week, Richard Hoffman, who had been handsomely clothed, started, in company with the friendly lawyer, for Jersey, where he was to remain under the care of the Reverend Oneas Brown, who prepared six pupils for the army, India, or the universities ; but, before quitting London, our hero had an interview with his singular benefactor, who contemplated the visible improvement in his appearance with satisfaction.

"A fine lad, Morton," he exclaimed ; "pity he should be lost for want of training."

"A thousand, sir."

"Will you give me your hand?" said the gentleman, at the same time extending his own towards his *protege*.

The youth gave it reluctantly.

"I perceive you hate me," observed the gentleman, bitterly. "But I am not surprised at it ; the last thing I expect to meet with in this world is gratitude," he added, with a sigh.

"I cannot hate you," replied the boy.

"Why did you hesitate, then, to give me your hand?"

"Because I do not understand you. You have given me fine clothes—are about to send me to school—and speak me fairly ; but I had rather a thousand times return to poverty and those who love me."

"Umph! truthful at any rate," muttered the unknown.

"I was taught to be so, sir, by my dear mother."

"Your affection for her scarcely surprises me," said the gentleman ; "for the more I see of you, the more I feel interested in your favor. I should have assisted her too," he added, "but those whom I sent to make inquiries, informed me that she had been taken care of by her friends."

"My grandfather!" exclaimed Richard, joyfully. "I hope it is my grandfather ; how happy it will make her."

"Is he so rich, then?"

"I know nothing about his wealth," replied the youth ; "for I only knew that I had a grandfather by being taught to pray for him ; but my mother loves him dearly. It was only on the day I first met you, sir, she parted with the little gold locket that contained his hair. I shall never forget how she kissed it and cried over it."

"Ah, these city men!" exclaimed his benefactor—"these men of gold and discounts—their hearts are like iron!"

"Surely, not all," observed the lawyer.

"All," repeated his client—"at least, in resolution, and that is nearly the same. Good-bye," he added, extending his hand to Richard. "Do not judge me till you are old enough to comprehend me. Merit my bounty by your good conduct, and you shall find that accident has replaced your natural friends by one whose intentions, perhaps, are kinder than his words."

The tone of kindness with which these words were spoken produced a singular impression upon Richard, who, yielding to an impulse he could scarcely understand, proffered his hand to him freely.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" said the gentleman, shaking it warmly ; "we shall be excellent friends in time."

"He must restore me to my mother first," observed our hero, as he quitted the room. "I feel as if I could love him then."

"All in good time," said the lawyer, with a smile.

On their way to Southampton he informed his young companion that he had a favor to request of him.

"From me, sir?—oh, willingly!"

"Hear it first," continued Mr. Morton. "From all that I have seen of you, I entertain the highest opinion of your truthfulness. I have a son, about your own age, who, for the last five years, has been a pupil at the same school you are going to."

"I am sure I shall like him!" exclaimed Richard.

"I trust you will ; but that is not all. I want you to promise me never to name to him, without my permission, the circumstances under which you became acquainted with me. Should you refuse me," added the speaker, "I must seek another tutor for him."

"Not on my account," replied his charge. "I faithfully promise you."

The lawyer thanked him, and felt perfectly satisfied with his word.

Two days after they arrived at their destination in Jersey, and the long neglected youth found himself the inmate of an elegant villa, from whose windows he could discover a picturesque view of St. Clement's Bay.

"O, how happy I should feel," he observed, as he parted with his traveling companion, "if——"

"There is always an 'if' in this world," interrupted Mr. Morton ; "it is the condition of existence, the incentive to exertion ; the mind would stagnate without it. When you feel disposed to give your word to your tutor not to run away, he has directions to make you a proper allowance of pocket money ; till then you will be kept penniless."

"I shall never give it, sir, for I feel it is my duty to seek my parents."

The lawyer smiled. He knew the value of the word.

"If the son resembles the father," thought Richard Hoffman, as he watched the departure of the steamer, "I shall be sure to like him. How will this all end? Is it a dream or reality?"

Such were the questions he frequently asked himself, as he walked to the villa, by the side of the Reverend Oneas Brown, who had already given instructions to the sheriff and officers of the port, to keep an eye upon him, should he attempt to escape from the island.

CHAPTER VIII.

We trust our readers will not feel tired by the gadding propensities we have displayed. From the Channel Islands to Blackheath is no inconsiderable jump ; and yet we must request them to make it. The pen is a greater enchanter even than steam, and annihilates time and distance more quickly. Presto! the change is made ; and instead of the picturesque rocks, the deep blue bays, and the almost Italian landscapes of Jersey, we are once more within a bird's eye view of dear old smoky London, in the neighborhood of Greenwich Park, the paradise of cockneys, pensioners, and nursery maids.

Every day Mr. Bently had been a visitor at the house of his friend, Peter Mangles, who, judging from the deep anxiety and affection he displayed, till the physician pronounced the crisis past, and their patient out of danger, fondly anticipated a reconciliation between the stern parent and his offending child. It was the only recompense the kind old man either desired or dreamt of in his disinterested exertions.

Finding, however, that, as the danger receded, the feelings of the merchant gradually cooled, and he carefully avoided all allusion to the subject, the clerk resolved to put it to him in a form so unmistakeably straightforward and plain, that there could be no evading an explanation.

"This account, Richard," he said, "has been of many years' standing, and must have caused you many a sleepless night. I am sure it has me. Don't you think it is time to cross it out, write paid against it, and take poor Rachel to your heart again? Don't answer me yet," he added, hastily, not altogether satisfied with the expression which clouded the countenance of his hearer ; "you have not heard half what I have to urge."

"I am willing to hear it," observed the merchant, calmly.

"That's right ; nothing like patience in business. Remember how I unraveled Batt and Blindem's affair, which you wanted to close at once. Well, then, your child has suffered severely, paid a large dividend in tears and sorrow. The loss of her boy has almost broken her heart. Surely, Richard," he continued, "it is time to let bygones be bygones, and pass the sponge over the memory of the past."

"I am ready, nay, anxious to forgive her," said Mr. Bentley, deliberately ; "to receive her to my home and affection once more."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Peter Mangles, grasping his hand ; "I always thought your heart was in the right place, only a little difficult to get at."

"On one condition," added the father of Rachel, deliberately.

The old man slowly repeated the words.

"That she separates from her worthless husband."

"Separates!" exclaimed Peter, in a tone of surprise and indignation. "You forget there is a partnership for life. Separate, when things are looking up, and George is reforming, and earning his bread by honest industry! I told a lie, Richard ; your heart is not in the right place to propose such a thing, and what is worse, I fear never will be. I'd sooner undertake," he added, "to get a bad bill discounted, than to try to move it again."

These reproaches were received more in sorrow than in anger by Mr. Bently, who perfectly understood the warm, impetuous nature of the speaker when his feelings were excited—a circumstance which very rarely occurred ; for in all the ordinary affairs of life Peter Mangles was as cool as the world's friendship when poverty appeals to it, and prosaic as a column of figures in his ledger.

"Listen to me," said his employer ; "I have heard you patiently."

Here the aged clerk gave a dissatisfied "humph."

"If George Hoffman had not proved himself utterly worthless, I could have extended my forgiveness even to him. You say he is earning his living by honest labor—granted ; but how does he pass his nights?—in the most profligate debauchery, in scenes of vice and shameless dissipation."

"Don't believe a word of it," interrupted his hearer.

"I have watched him," said the merchant.

"By your agents. Wouldn't trust one of them."

"*Watched him myself*," replied Richard Bently ; "for I felt determined this time that conscience should not have a loop-hole to reproach me. I traced him, night after night, to dens where pollution holds her court, and drunkenness and dishonesty minister to her vile passions. You may imagine the agony, the shame I felt, when convinced, by the evidence of my own senses, that my child—my only one, was the wife of such a character, degraded by bearing his name, and still more by the tenacity with which she clings to him. I can understand the love," he added, "which braves the world's opinion, and even risks a parent's anger ; but the love which survives respect is no longer worthy of the name ; it has degenerated into passion—wild, ungovernable passion.

This was a sad blow to all Peter Mangles' hopes and expectations. Such a delightful picture as he had painted to himself, of Rachel's reconciliation with her father ; of having George once more in the counting-house, of training him to keep the books, and eventually succeeding to a share in the firm.

In all probability it was the only dream in his life that the old clerk had ever indulged in, and he measured his resentment against the husband of Rachel in proportion to his disappointment.

"The fool!" he muttered bitterly ; "the heartless fool! Had I heard this from any lips but yours, Richard, I could not have believed it. What! his son lost, his wife almost dying, and yet to——Ah! bad world—bad world! soon be in a state of bankruptcy, as far as goodness and integrity are concerned."

"Am I not right?" demanded his employer.

Peter reluctantly admitted that he was right. Still, there was a mental reservation in favor of his long and tenaciously held opinion that if George Hoffman had been treated kindly at the outset of his career, he would have proved himself a different man. With some reluctance, he undertook to be the bearer of the condition on which her father's forgiveness was to be obtained to his suffering guest.

"Why, Rachel," he said—since she had been an inmate of his house ; he generally addressed her by her Christian name—"how strong you are getting! Fifty per cent. better, at the very least, within the last week."

The sorrowing mother faintly smiled.

"I want to talk to you," he continued, "but not now, if you think it would fatigue you."

"Now!" exclaimed the invalid, nervously ; "now ; do not keep me in suspense. You have heard news of my poor lost boy."

The messenger shook his head, and a deep-drawn sigh betrayed how deeply she felt the disapointment.

"We shall find him in time," he observed, trying to look cheerful ; "I am sure we shall. Never lost anything in my life—except those unfortunate securities," he added to himself.

"Not of my boy," murmured Rachel.

"Have you no one else to love?"

"George and——"

"Don't name him," interrupted the clerk, passionately. "He has disappointed me, upset all my calculations, and reversed all the plans I had laid to serve him—a heartless, worthless drunkard, a bad husband, and a worse parent. No, Rachel, I did not come to speak to him, but of your father. You have only to say the word to be restored to his affections, and to the home of your youth."

"Is my husband to share it?" demanded his hearer, greatly agitated.

"I tell you he is not worthy of it," replied Peter Mangles. "Whilst you have been suffering he has been dissipating—passing his nights in the vilest debauchery."

"No, no!" shrieked the agonized wife ; "I cannot believe it."

"It is but too true," he resumed ; "your father has watched him, night after night, to haunts I won't, in fact, I couldn't, describe to you, for I have not the faintest idea what they are like ; but something very dreadful, no doubt, or Richard would not have felt so indignant. Rachel, you know how I stood up for George when all were against him ; how I hoped against hope, that he would one day reform and retrieve all. I now abandon him, and advise you, as your oldest friend—as one who loves you like a parent—to return to the home and affection of your father."

Rachel regarded him with a look so mournfully sad, that he half regretted the task he had undertaken.

"Would you lose *both your children?*" he added, pointing to Mary.

Peter had touched the chord aright. Maternal love could alone contend against the devotion of the wife. To save her remaining child from the misery and degradation which menaced her, she could have submitted to any sacrifice.

"I must see him!" she exclaimed.

"See whom—your father?"

"No—my husband," answered Rachel. "He must learn my resolution, and hear its justification from my own lips. Had poverty and affliction fallen upon us through inexperience of the world or the dispensation of Providence, I could have endured them patiently—have toiled for him without a murmur or reproach. *It is the cause which separates us, and not the suffering.*"

"Oh, the misery—the hopeless misery," she continued, wringing her hands, "that attends the drunkard's wife. One by one the illusions of her youth all vanish, and first terror, then disgust, supply their places, till her heart becomes the sepulchre of blighted feelings, which leave no tender memories in their ashes. My boy has already been sacrificed. A mother's love," she added, "tells me to preserve his sister."

"And it tells you wisely, too," exclaimed Peter Mangles, struck by her firmness and decision. "Nothing like striking a final balance when the account is unsatisfactory."

Could he have witnessed the agony of tears which followed his departure from the room, the old clerk might have considered it advisable to leave it open a little longer, or, in other words, to have given her erring husband one trial more.

CHAPTER IX.

Should any speculative author feel disposed to write a history of St. Faith's, he will find ample materials for the undertaking in the village churchyard, which we unhesitatingly pronounce to be one of the most picturesque in the kingdom, and singularly rich in an unbroken succession of gravestones, marking the final resting-place of the sturdy race of yeomen who were born, lived, toiled, and died within sound of their native bells. In fact, there is scarcely a family in the parish whose genealogy might not be traced by them in a line sufficiently clear to satisfy all but a chancery barrister or a disappointed heir.

The Minters, for instance, for many a generation, may be found clustering as thick as bees in front of the curiously-sculptured early Norman porch; the Sparrows, life's twitterings over, sleep in their nests under the wall of the south aisle of the church; and the Gilberts beneath the shadow of the north one; whilst the Briarleys, Spaldings, and Crashers all repose in neighborly vicinity in the large open space of ground directly facing the lofty belfry-tower, which, clad in its thick mantle of ivy, stands like some faithful sentinel on guard, braving the storm of ages.

A funeral procession was slowly advancing along the centre pathway of the churchyard. Since the interment of the last lord of the manor—whose kindness to his tenantry all had good reason to recollect—such an assemblage of mourners had not been seen in St. Faith's; the principal farmers on the estate, the cotters and villagers, with their wives and daughters, in fact, nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet were there—not only to show their sympathy for the poor old bell-ringer, but to protest by their presence against the brutal act by which his brother was deprived of life.

Nothing could be more quiet and orderly than the demeanor of the crowd: a line of conduct to which the appearance of Mr. Thornton, so justly popular amongst them, as well as the solemnity of the occasion, greatly contributed; for the feeling of resentment against Sir Norman and the keepers was strong as ever, and only required an occasion to break forth.

The Reverend Mr. Poundtext, who read the magnificent service for the dead, felt at first somewhat nervous, when he beheld the entire population of the parish following the body to the grave; the appearance of the magistrate, however, reassured him, for he felt convinced that no riotous or unbecoming manifestation would take place whilst he remained amongst them.

Simon and his wife, holding the orphan Lillian by the hand, stood at the head of the grave. There was an expression of innocent wonder on the face of the child at all she saw and heard. Perhaps she was too young to feel her loss; and yet she must have comprehended its extent, for several times she murmured to herself the words—

"Poor Barny! Poor Barny!"

Hester thought it exceedingly strange she should always speak of her father by his Christian name.

The funeral being over, the same procession reconducted the principal mourners back to their humble cottage. Arrived at the gate, the weaver turned round, and, raising his hat, exclaimed—

"Thank you, friends and neighbors, for this last kindness shown to one who was born amongst you—who loved you all, and would have done any of you a good turn had it been in his power; and thank you, too, sir," he added, in a voice of deep emotion, addressing Mr. Thornton, "you have ever shown a kind feeling for the poor."

On any other occasion there would have been a cheer for the popular magistrate; but rough and untaught as most of the hearers were, they seemed to feel that, in the presence of so much sorrow, it would be out of place.

"And now," continued the speaker, "let me advise you to return to your homes quietly. I am sure you understand me, and the reason why I ask it:—Don't give those who slandered my poor brother by saying he had deserted"—here the old man's grief once more overcame him—"an opportunity of reproaching his memory."

The last words were so broken by sobs and tears that they were scarcely heard.

"Simon is right," said the gentleman, shaking hands with him. "You have shown your respect for the dead—do not lessen the value of the tribute by any display of hostile feeling towards the living."

The consequence of this excellent advice was, that the crowd dispersed without uttering a single groan—as they had intended—for Sir Norman Boothroyd.

"It be my opinion," observed farmer Minter, as he walked by the side of Mr. Thornton through the village, "that Barny Gee was murdered. I do know that lawyers say he was lawfully killed, but I don't believe it; and, poor as I am, I would not change feelin's wi' Sir Norman, though he be lord of the manor."

His hearer was mentally of the same way of thinking; although far too prudent to express it.

"He is to be pitied," he replied.

"Pitied!" replied the farmer, indignantly. "What! take the life of a fellow-creature for a rabbit! But it won't end here. I do know the temper of the lads too well."

"For heaven's sake, if you have any influence amongst them, use it," said the gentleman, "to prevent any outbreak or violence, which can only recoil on themselves."

"That is what I told 'em, sir."

"And prejudice," added the magistrate, "the legal question, which I hear they are determined to try, of the right to shoot over the common."

"There be little doubt of their trying it," answered the farmer. "More than a hundred pounds be subscribed already. I be sadly vexed in myself," he muttered, musingly.

"Why what can you possibly have to reproach yourself with?" demanded Mr. Thornton, in a tone of surprise.

"It beant exactly a reproach, neither," said the farmer; "only it be so stup'd. I war the first to raise Barny Gee after the shot had riddled un. No wonder I felt flusterated, for I had never seen a human creature bleeding to death afore. He grasped my hand, and looked into my face so mournful, that it quite upset me; for I had knowed him ever sin' he wor a boy, no bigger than my own lad. He wanted to say something to me, but the blood came gurgling out wi' the words. All I remember," added the speaker, "wor 'Tell Simon—papers;' then followed the name of some person or place, but I can't be sure which, thof I should know it agin' if ever I heard it; I be sure I shall."

"Poor fellow," ejaculated Mr. Thornton, "most probably some information respecting the arrears of pay or pension due to him. I will cause the proper inquiries to be made."

"Maybe," replied the church-warden, "but I don't think it war that."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out a community in which some willing agent could not be found for wealth to work with. Sir Norman Boothroyd had long been aware of this important fact, and though he had not quitted the precincts of his own domain since the day of the inquest, his spies kept him well informed of everything that transpired in the village, and at the funeral.

The intelligence that the fund subscribed to by the farmers had reached a hundred pounds, drove him almost frantic. It was not the sum that alarmed him, but the spirit of resistance it evinced, as he felt as indignant as any Russian boyard could have done, whose serfs had threatened a revolt.

"Ungrateful wretches!" he exclaimed. "Law. They shall have enough of it. I'll ruin, beggar them!"

"I had hoped," observed his wife, quietly, "that you had abandoned such ideas."

"Never, madam; never! To think of that fellow, Thornton, being present at the funeral of a rascally poacher. A man whom I had actually invited to my table!"

"Perhaps it was to keep the peace; and if so, we ought to feel obliged to him."

"Keep the peace!" replied her husband. "Are you really so weak, Lady Boothroyd, as to suppose the wretched clowns would venture an attack on Meldown Park?"

"Such things have been."

"Or attempt anything against my person?" added the baronet. "No. Bad as they are, I believe they would think twice before proceeding to such extremities. They know me too well!"

"Norman," said the lady, repressing her inclination to smile at the vaporing of her husband, which she at least knew how to estimate at its proper value, "I thought you had consented to leave the arrangement of this ridiculous affair in my hands?"

"I have altered my mind," replied the baronet.

"And you will not waive your rights over the common?"

"Not one of them. I should be unworthy of my name if I did so—ashamed to look the portraits of my long line of ancestors in the face. What Boothroyd," he added, "ever gave up his rights?"

"Till he was forced or *frightened* out of them?" thought his wife.

"I am about to start," continued the speaker, "for Exeter, to consult Marshall on the subject. Most probably he will return with me."

"For protection," mentally ejaculated the lady, with a strong feeling of contempt.

Lady Boothroyd was one of those persons who, having once made up their minds to achieve an object, adhere with extreme tenacity to their plans. Few real obstacles could shake her purpose, and the opposition of Sir Norman was still less likely to do so; she knew well enough how to vanquish that.

Scarcely had he taken his departure, therefore, than putting on her bonnet and shawl, she quitted the house ostensibly for a walk in the park, and after strolling about the grounds for some time, directed her steps towards the preserves where the lodge of the head keeper was situated. To her great satisfaction she found him within and alone.

The man might well look surprised at the unusual honor, the mistress of Meldown Park not being remarkable any more than her husband for condescension to her dependents.

"Well, Fletcher," she began, at the same time seating herself, whilst the keeper stood respectfully before her, "has there been any more poaching on the manor since New Year's eve?"

"None, my lady."

"The death of the soldier Gee, or whatever the fellow's name was, has created an ill-feeling, I hear, in the village."

"Dreadful, your ladyship. We can't show our faces in St. Faith's without being hooted and pointed at. It wasn't our fault," he added; "we only did our duty."

"Of course you did not," observed his visitor. "But this state of things renders the residence at the hall most unpleasant. The farmers, I hear, are determined to try the question of shooting over the common."

"So I hear, my lady."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

The keeper remained silent.

"Did you hear my question," continued the speaker. "I ask you, who have known the property these forty years, whether Sir Norman really and truly possesses the exclusive right he claims?"

"His late uncle never exercised it," observed Fletcher.

"That is not an answer."

"It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion."

"Of course it would," said the haughty woman, "unasked."

"Well, then, my lady, if I were put upon my oath, I don't believe he has. I have heard Flint say as much a dozen times over, and he knows to an acre how far the manor extends."

"Provoking," muttered her ladyship; "not only the ridicule of a contest with our own tenantry, but a defeat will be the consequence of this unfortunate affair, unless," she added, fixing her eyes keenly on the countenance of the old man, "you assist me to prevent it."

"I, my lady! What can I do? I am no lawyer."

"But you are an *excellent shot*," coolly observed his visitor.

Fletcher naturally looked exceedingly astonished. We question if anything in the course of his life had ever surprised him half so much as this simple observation.

"What is the man staring at?" added Lady Boothroyd.

The construction which the keeper had put upon her words struck her, and she broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"No, Fletcher; nothing of that kind," she exclaimed, "nothing of that kind. I will speak plainly with you, for you have lived in the family many years, and ought to feel its interests. I wish to frighten my husband into withdrawing from a dispute which threatens the peace of the neighborhood. Now, I know of no means so likely as impressing him with the belief that his obstinacy has placed his life in danger."

"That be one way," answered the man, deliberately, "for Sir Norman be mortal timorous."

"He will not return till late," continued her ladyship; "he will enter the grounds by the south lodge. Now, if you could contrive to send a bullet through the carriage window—mind, *only* through the window—I think I may undertake to answer for the rest."

Fletcher rubbed the back of his head, and regarded his visitor for some time doubtfully.

"I certainly could do such a thing," he said, "and without any danger; but suppose my master should ever find me out? He be not the most forgiving gentleman in the world."

"I'll take the blame," replied Lady Boothroyd, impatiently. "Remember that it is to prevent the recurrence of such dreadful scenes as the one which has lately taken place, and in terrifying Sir Norman into acting reasonably you are really rendering him a service which it shall be my study to requite. You are the only person," she added, condescendingly, "whom I could trust to make such an attempt which your skill as a marksman renders not only perfectly safe, but certain of success."

It would be useless to repeat what further arguments the speaker employed before she finally succeeded in persuading the old man to undertake the task. It is sufficient, for the purpose of our narrative, to say that she did succeed, and Lady Boothroyd quitted the keeper's lodge, delighted with the success of her plans.

On her return to the hall, she found a letter bearing the Indian postmark, and sealed with black. Although addressed to her husband, the manœuvering woman opened it without the least hesitation, and found, to her confusion and astonishment, that it announced the death of Sir Norman's younger brother and his wife, of the yellow fever. The writer, the colonel of his regiment, expressed his own and brother officers' deep condolence with the family for their loss, and concluded by expressing a hope that the child had arrived safely in England.

"Child!" she ejaculated, as Flint's advice to her to visit the cottage of Simon Gee, flashed on her recollection, "my worst fears are confirmed. Ruin, ruin to my hopes!"

This exclamation was called forth by a clause in the late baronet's will, directing that, in the event of both his nephew's dying without male heir, as the title would then become extinct, the estate should be sold, and the proceeds divided equally between the female issue of the two brothers; but Sir Norman was to remain the undoubted possessor of the property during his life.

"Is it possible," she murmured, "that that wretched wanderer, even from the grave, has contrived to strike a blow fatal to all my schemes? The brat is his—it must be his. I must think—think!"

It boded little good to any one when the thoughts of the speaker became intently fixed either upon their past or future destiny; it was something like the mildew—corroding where it fell.

During the rest of the day little Alice was confined to the school-room with the governess. Her mother required to be alone with her own evil heart and busy brain. The prattle of her innocent offspring might have disturbed her meditations.

Night was rapidly advancing, when the sound of a carriage was heard dashing up the lawn. In a few seconds voices were heard, and amongst others the mistress of Meldown Park recognized her husband's. In the midst of her reflections she had quite forgotten him.

"To be tied to an egotist—a nerveless, purposeless thing," she sighed, "and at such a moment, too. Well, well; patience, patience!"

The drawing-room door opened as Sir Norman Boothroyd made his appearance, accompanied by his lawyer.

The countenance of the baronet was pale as cowardice, and his companion's of scarcely a less sickly hue. Throwing himself into a chair, he faintly murmured—

"I have been shot at, my love!—shot at!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated his wife, with well-acted surprise.

"In my own park, too!"

"Incredible!"

"There is an end to all security in the country," added the nobleman, "if the life of a man of my rank can be attempted with impunity."

"My dear Norman," said her ladyship, getting up a very excellent imitation of a tear, "deeply as I am shocked at the murderous attempt, it can only be attributed to one cause—the chivalrous firmness with which you have defended your rights. For my sake, for your sweet child's sake, pause," she continued, "before you drive these desperate poachers to further violence. Only reflect what a state of terror and anxiety you entail upon me. Each time you quit the house I shall expect to see you brought home a corpse—terrified if you pass even an open window! A prison, if you persist in your resolution, were a safer residence than Meldown Park."

The baronet winced at the picture so artfully drawn. Like Bob Acres, in Sheridan's inimitable comedy of "The Rivals," he felt that his courage was rapidly oozing away.

"Come, come, my lady!" exclaimed the man of law; "things are not arrived at that pass yet."

"Silence!" replied Lady Boothroyd, at the same time darting at the speaker a look which very much astonished him, for he had hitherto considered her, as every one else who was at all intimate with the family did, as a mere nonentity, an echo of his client's opinions. "You think only of your wretched fees; I of my husband."

"We will remove to London," observed the baronet, getting more and more uneasy. "I shall feel more collected in the morning. It was a narrow escape," he added, "the ball passed through both the windows of the carriage."

"Did not the servants pursue the ruffian?"

"They would have done so; I believe, Marshall, they proposed something of the kind," answered the chicken-hearted Sir Norman, "but I insisted on their driving at once to the house."

The glance of contempt which his wife involuntarily gave him brought something like color into his pale cheek. He declared himself to be seriously ill; ordered the servants to be well armed; the doors of the mansion carefully locked; and Dr. Phrase to be sent for.

Lady Boothroyd saw that her project had taken effect, and that it was perfectly unnecessary to make a display of further feeling on the occasion. Ringing for the valet, she directed him to assist his master to his room, and remain with him till the arrival of the physician.

Lawyer Marshall had for some time been eyeing the lady curiously. The decision with which she both spoke and acted upset all his preconceived notions of her character, and he mentally asked himself whether it might not be advisable to try and conciliate her favor, by showing more deference than he had hitherto done to her opinions in the affairs of his wealthy client. His speculations were cut short by her ladyship retiring to her dressing-room; where, just as she was thinking about retiring to rest, Dr. Phrase visited her.

"This is very shocking, my dear Lady Boothroyd," he exclaimed, "very. The gentry of the shire and the home government ought to take it up. My respected patient is in a high state of fever."

"He will be better in the morning, doubtless," coolly observed the exemplary wife.

"Hem! yes—doubtless. I have bled him, and anticipate a favorable result on the increased action of the heart from the blister I have applied to his left side, whilst the cataplasm to his feet will draw the blood from his head, and——"

"Why, you are torturing the poor man!" said her ladyship, with great difficulty repressing a smile.

"Torture!" repeated the son of Æsculapius; "pardon me, torture is not exactly the word. To-morrow, if the symptoms are favorable, I shall throw in the febrile mixture, which, with a few days' low diet, and a series of sedatives, will, I trust, restore my respected and highly valued patient to health. He is most anxious, I find, to leave the country for London."

"Yes—yes," repeated his hearer, musingly, for she had not thoroughly arranged her mode of action; "but you must keep him at the Hall for some days at least. Dr. Phrase," she added, "are you really devoted, as you assert you are, to the interests of my family?"

"Cruel of your ladyship to doubt it for an instant!" ejaculated the pompous little man, at the same time placing his hand upon his breast, and bowing very low: "in fact, I can give you a most convincing proof of it. In the late inquest upon the bodies of the poacher and keeper, so unfortunately slain, I concealed a circumstance which, if generally known, would have increased the surmises and ill-feeling of the inhabitants of St. Faith's.

"Concealed!" repeated the mistress of the mansion, with surprise. "What could there possibly be to conceal that either Sir Norman Boothroyd or myself have an interest in?"

Doctor Phrase pulled out his pocket-book, and drew from it a small piece of paper, very much crumpled and stained with blood. There were signs also of its having been burnt, as if discharged from a pistol or gun, about the edges.

"I extracted it," he said, "from the wound of Springthorp, the keeper."

The lady took it without the slightest shudder or feeling of repugnance—a fact which the speaker considered a highly satisfactory indication of the state of her nerves—and held it up to the light. After examining it carefully, she discovered, to her great astonishment, the words, "By Lady Boothroyd, June the sixteenth," in her own handwriting upon it.

The date of the year was wanting.

"Singular!" she muttered.

"So I thought," observed the gentleman, "and carefully concealed it."

"When could I have written this?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, my lady."

"Yet it is my handwriting," she continued. "Are you certain—quite certain—that you extracted this from the body of the keeper?"

"Quite," answered the physician. "Perhaps I can assist your recollection," he added. "It strikes me that it has been torn from some book or——"

"Ah! I recollect," exclaimed Lady Boothroyd, in a tone of satisfaction; for, strange as it may appear, that blood-stained fragment of paper presented a clue by which to extricate herself from the difficulty which during the entire evening had preoccupied her mind, and in an instant she arranged her plans accordingly.

"Dr. Phrase," she said, "Sir Norman must be sufficiently recovered to quit the hall in three days; so no more bleeding or blistering—it will only weaken him."

The little man bowed with an air of intense resignation.

"The sedatives, perhaps, may do him no injury."

"Injury!" he repeated, mournfully; "I should think not."

"You may throw in the febrile mixture," added her ladyship, with a smile. "You see I am not very unreasonable. As for this morsel of paper, permit me to exchange it for one more worthy of your learning and great professional skill."

The speaker placed in the hands of the doctor a note for fifty pounds, and at the same time carefully secreted in the case from which she had taken it the scarcely legible fragment of writing.

It is astonishing, after receiving the unusually liberal fee, how greatly the feeling of interest and devotion for his respectable and highly-valued patient increased. In fact, Dr. Phrase almost reproached himself with not having done enough for him. Some of our readers, had they been in the baronet's place, we doubt not, would have considered that he had done too much, by the blister and cataplasm at least.

"Fortune smiles upon me," thought the artful woman, as soon as she found herself alone. "The scheme required a daring hand to execute, and that is found. The rest will be comparatively easy. All I have left to do is to work upon my husband's terrors, and bend him to my purpose—no very difficult task to one who has discovered the key to his character. O man, man!" she added; "creation's self-styled lord; how pliant is your nature. Heaven may have tempered us of the self-same clay, but the impress differs widely as steel and lead—purpose and vacillation."

The following morning, after a long interview with his wife, Sir Norman Boothroyd sent for Flint, the steward, and directed him to inform the tenantry that their landlord, deeply afflicted at the death of his keeper and Barney Gee, had determined there should no longer be any subject of contention between them: in other words, that he relinquished the long-disputed right of sporting over the common.

The concession was received sullenly. As an act of grace it came too late; the blood so wantonly shed could not be soon forgotten. It had, however, one effect; it put an end to the threatened litigation.

CHAPTER X.

Notwithstanding that appearances fully justified the impression Mr. Bently had received of his son-in-law's conduct, George Hoffman still continued to wrestle bravely and successfully with the fiend drunkenness, the cause of all his misery and shame. Each new day gave him fresh vigor for the contest, rendered the struggle less painful, the insatiate craving for the bacchanal's poisoned chalice less violent. In his remorse, he experienced a kind of gloomy satisfaction, a savage triumph in every pang that rent his soul in the jeers of his fellow-workmen, at what they termed his milk-and-water spirit.

It was a sad humiliation for one naturally proud to submit to voluntarily,—submit to the scoffs and insults of such men; but he had brought the punishment upon himself, and that affliction enabled him to endure it patiently. The memory of his past folly, like the sacred bitter of the ancients, had a pacifying effect, and helped to cleanse his heart.

Those who have never felt the madness of intoxication, the burning thirst, the utter prostration of mind, the nerveless apathy which follows the sudden and complete cessation from drink, can form but a faint idea of the trials the reformed drunkard has to endure before the victory over his debasing passion is complete.

We have seen reason totter on its throne, heard the strong man howl in his agony, and curse the temptation he longed for, but would not yield to.

Fortunately, however, this state of madness, like the crisis in a fever of the brain, or any other violent disease, has its limit. Imperceptibly the frenzy of the gorge, the slakeless thirst, diminishes, the craving grows less violent, and a reaction, morally and physically healthy, gradually takes place.

The angel of peace spreads her wings around him, and pours her healing balm upon the ulcers of his heart and brain, till the contest not only loses its bitterness, but ceases to become one, and manhood and self-respect resume their long abdicated empire in his soul.

Morning and evening, since he had obtained employment in the factory, the husband of Rachel had called regularly at the cottage of Peter Mangles to inquire after his suffering wife. And when he heard that the danger was past, that she was slowly regaining strength, he felt the weight of self-reproach lessened at his heart. It seemed as if heaven had smiled upon his efforts to render himself less unworthy of her.

The old housekeeper, Mrs. Lawrence, and his child were the only persons on these occasions whom he saw, for he carefully timed his visits so as not to encounter either the merchant or his clerk. He had made up his mind if ever he rose again in the world to owe it to his own efforts, and not to the pity of others. If a mistaken, there was at least an honest pride in his resolution: for pity is too often akin to contempt, and George Hoffman's ambition was to win back if possible, not only the love, but the respect of his long suffering wife.

"Respect!" we think we hear some of our very precise readers exclaim. Not that we believe we have many such.

Yes, we repeat the word—respect. The strength which has broken the chain is quite as much to be admired as the force that has never been fettered. The gold tried in the alembic is not more pure than the soul which has freed itself from an absorbing and degrading passion. Fire and suffering have refined them both.

The repentant husband was waiting as usual after his day's work, at the back garden gate, to see the housekeeper and his child, and learn the progress of his wife towards convalescence. Somehow he felt more than usually depressed; as if the foreboding of some impending ill hovered over him.

"Oh, Mr. Hoffman!" exclaimed the garrulous old lady; "I have sad news for you; though I don't know that I ought to tell it to you, for I only learnt it myself by accident."

"Rachel," faltered the reformed drunkard. "Oh, speak of her!"

"Mamma is much better," cried little Mary, springing into his arms and kissing him, for she was far too young to comprehend how deeply he had erred. "And I have not told her that I have seen you, since you bade me not."

"It is not that," said Mrs. Lawrence, pitying his distress; "Mrs. Hoffman is going to be reconciled to her father, and to reside with him for the future. Poor thing, I am not astonished at her resolution, when I think on all she has endured. Neither can you feel surprised at it," she added, "for you have no home to take her to."

George uttered a half-suppressed groan. He understood it all. Rachel had consented to a separation from him.

"Am I not to be permitted to see her?" he murmured, at last.

"Well," replied his informant, "I should say not. Mr. Bently is a rich gentleman, and can't very well see how he could have a person like you about his house."

"Curse his wealth!" exclaimed the unhappy man; "it has steeled his heart against me."

Without waiting a reply, he pressed his child passionately to his breast, and walked hastily away.

Little did the housekeeper of Peter Mangles imagine the agony she had caused,—how nearly she had scared the young-born spirit of repentance from his side.

For several hours George Hoffman walked the heath, more like a madman than a reasonable being; and more than once he dashed himself upon the snow, cursing the folly that had cast life's pearl away at the moment he most felt its value.

"I have lost her!" he exclaimed; "and cannot—dare not blame her, for the memory of the past would seal my lips in shame and silence. The woman said truly. I have no home to take her to—nothing but poverty, pale want, to share with her, and of such companions she has had enough. Fool, fool,—and villain! Oh! I could tear my heart out when I reflect upon its worthlessness! Idiot! to dream of a happy future. For the drunkard there is no future: he must continue to writhe in the very circle he has created!"

At times the nature of his feelings changed. Rachel was his wife. The law allowed of no divorce for drunkenness. Her home was his, and he determined to assert his rights. Soon, however, the recollection of his son—of all the woman he had outraged had endured, rose to his mind, and better feelings stole over him.

"She is right," he murmured. "I was never worthy of her; quite right. What is the love of a being like myself weighed against the affection of a parent—the comforts he can heap upon her? It is nature's instinct," he added, "a mother's resolution to protect her child."

It was singular, that in the depth of his despair the unhappy man should have hit upon the motive which had induced his wife to consent to a separation. Even in his madness he did justice to the purity of her heart, which he well knew to be free from any selfish passion.

Whilst wandering in this moody humour, he fell in with a party of his fellow-workmen, who were proceeding to Greenwich to pass the rest of the night as usual at the tavern. The men surrounded him with a joyous shout—most of them had been drinking already—and insisted on his accompanying them.

"Leave me," he said; "pray leave me, I am too unhappy to be sported with."

"Nothing like a drop to drown care," observed one.

"Try a hair of the dog that bit you," added a second.

"But one glass," still more insidiously whispered a third.

The temptation came, as it generally does, at a trying moment; the devouring thirst, the longing for the draught that could steep memory in forgetfulness—and still the strong pulsations of both heart and brain came over him; still he resisted, although it was but faintly. Soon he found himself half forced, half carried along, till they arrived in front of the gin-palace, Death's temple, whose gaudily decorated front and blazing gas lights formed a hideous contrast with the crowd of ragged, haggard, poverty-stricken worshipers that hung around the doors.

At this moment a number of persons turned the corner of the street. They were following a policeman, who had just taken a boy in charge for robbery.

George Hoffman shuddered, and thought of his own son.

"Come along, old fellow," cried one of his companions, pulling him towards the tavern.

"An instant," replied the former. "What has he done?" he added, addressing himself to a respectable-looking female, who had followed the crowd at a distance.

"Robbed his employer," answered the woman. "I always said he would turn out a thief."

"How could you foretell that?" demanded one of the workmen.

"*Because he had a drunkard for his father.*"

The Assyrian monarch at his impious feast could not have been more startled, when he beheld his doom written in characters of fire upon the wall, than the husband of Rachel felt at these few words. They seemed to hiss in his ears, penetrate to his very marrow, branding on his soul the sentence of condemnation.

With a yell like a released spirit's cry, it sounded so wild and unearthly, he broke from those around him, and fled ere they could recover their surprise.

"Let him go," cried one.

"A milksop! a stingy fool! a save-penny," chimed in the rest.

He to whom these epithets were applied, was speedily beyond the reach of their voices; had they been shouted close to him it would have been all the same, for the words "his father was a drunkard," still haunted him; hearing would take in no other sounds, echo seemed to repeat them.

"Because his father was a drunkard!" he exclaimed, when he had once more gained the heath. "O God!" he added, falling on his knees, "take that reproach from me. I trusted in my strength, and thou hast shown me my weakness. Let me not be utterly lost, for I feel how vain are the resolutions of reason unless thy mercy blesses them. How fragile is man's strength, unless thy shield be extended over him."

Brief as was his prayer, it had a soothing effect upon the agitated mind and heart of him who uttered it. Like oil poured upon the troubled waters, a calmer spirit came over him, and he retraced his steps towards his humble lodging, a sorrowing, but no longer a despairing man.

The following morning, whilst on duty as timekeeper at the factory, George Hoffman received a note from his wife, requesting to see him. It was kindly, though sadly written. The pen had evidently trembled in the hand that traced the words, and in more than one portion of the page he could detect where tears had fallen involuntarily. He pressed the paper to his lips.

As the punctuality and general good conduct of their new servant had secured the good will of his employers, the unhappy man found no difficulty in obtaining temporary leave of absence. With a calm far more touching than the violence of despair, he hastened home and dressed himself in the suit of workman's clothes—the one he had purchased by the fruits of his industry. There was a feeling of honest pride as well as deep humiliation in the act.

"Better thus," he thought, "than in the threadbare, faded rags which mark my former state."

In his way over the heath, how many bitter recollections did memory conjure up! visions of past happiness, opportunities thrown away, trials which prudence might have avoided, suffering which his wife had borne with all the patient sweetness of woman's love.

"I deserve to lose her," he thought. "The punishment is not greater than the offence. Let me not wring her heart by unmanly weakness, but reserve sorrow for the future. There will be time to mourn," he added, "in the long, dreary hours of separation. Firmness becomes me now."

In this frame of mind he reached the cottage; and paused for an instant to contemplate the windows of the room occupied by Rachel. The blinds were up. He fancied he could distinguish her form seated behind one of the clean white muslin curtains, and his heart beat violently. "Was it possible," he asked himself, "that she had been watching his arrival?"

Mrs. Lawrence shook her head as she opened the door to him, and pointed to the staircase.

"The room to the right," she said.

He could not thank her, but slowly ascended to hear, from the lips he loved, the sentence he so dreaded. How his hand trembled as it turned the handle of the door. There was a moment's hesitation, and the next he stood in the presence of his injured wife, who, seated in an easy chair, made a feeble effort to rise and meet him. In an instant he was at her feet. At the sight of her thin, attenuated form, her features pale with suffering, manhood, resolution, the firmness he had schooled himself to obtain, alike gave way, and he wept long and bitterly.

It was some time before either of them could speak.

"This is a sad meeting, George," said Rachel, deeply moved at the sight of his tears. "I little thought, when our hands were first united, that I should ever witness the humiliation of the man I loved. There is something terrible in manhood's tears," she added; "they distress me—unfit me for that I am about to say."

"Reproach me, curse me for my heartless folly! for the wreck I have made," groaned the repentant man. "I can endure your indignation better than words of kindness."

"Curse you!" repeated the invalid, her hand involuntarily falling on his shoulder; "curse the husband of my youth, the father of my children! No, George, no; in the depths of poverty and suffering, when we have wanted bread, and I have been watching the long, weary hours of the night for your return, a curse never rose to my lips. A prayer for your reformation, a murmur, perhaps, at your unkindness, rose; but curses, never—never!"

"Unkindness! call it by its fitting name—madness, brutal madness. I have received your fatal letter, Rachel," he added, and will spare you the pain of inflicting the wound, the last my heart can ever feel. You are about to be reconciled to your father."

His wife remained silent.

"To return to the home from which my fatal love exiled you, and you are right; I have not a word, a plea, to offer against your resolution. I admit its justice—its strict justice, for I am no longer worthy of you. I have been too presumptuous," he continued, in deeming that even penitence could atone for conduct such as mine, but I shall not persevere the less in the path I have chosen."

"For your happiness, I trust."

Her husband smiled bitterly.

"My prayers," continued his wife, "shall not be wanting to confirm you in it. George, George," she exclaimed, "feel for a mother's agony—speak to me of my boy—have you found him?—discovered the least trace of my lost treasure? But no—cruel as you have been to me, you would not have concealed from me the only balm to heal my breaking heart."

"I have sought for him everywhere," replied the husband, deeply moved by her distress; "night after night I have wandered through the streets of London—penetrated each den of sin and shame—sought him in haunts where vice spreads her allurements for unfriended youth, but all in vain! Heaven has not smiled upon my efforts, my late remorse, my unavailing penitence. Rachel," he added, "could the sacrifice of my heart's blood restore him to you, I'd pour the life stream gladly forth, and deem his ransom cheaply paid!"

"George!"

"I know what you would say: 'tis time we part. I will not curse you longer by my presence. My future life shall not disgrace you. There is one thing I would ask: my child, do not let her hear the tale of her father's failing; she is too young to comprehend it now. Let me behold her sometimes. I will not speak to her, Rachel, or ask to press her in my arms—indeed, I will not! the drunkard's kiss shall not stain her innocent cheek! By the memory of the love I have forfeited—for our boy's sake—grant me this, my last and only prayer!"

On hearing the motives which explained his presence in haunts which stung her woman's heart and pride, Rachel Hoffman started from her seat. Twice she essayed to speak, but emotion almost choked her, and the blood came and fled from her wan cheeks with fearful rapidity.

"Answer me, George!" she exclaimed at last, breaking the spell that seemed to chain her lips, "and truly, as you would not leave a reproach upon my soul."

"What mean you?"

"In frequenting the—the scenes of vice you name, were you led there by no *other* motive than the hope of recovering our lost boy?"

"None," answered her husband, with unfeigned surprise.

"It was not the love of drink, then?"

"No."

"Or yet a more——"

"Rachel," interrupted her husband, "fallen and degraded as I am, do not insult me by a supposition too monstrous for reason to believe, which even madness would reject with scorn. Look on me," he continued: "did you ever know a lie to pollute my lips?—a lie, the coward's shield, the shuffling trickster's last resource. Do me one justice: the maddening draught has not drowned manhood and all sense of shame; *truth* still survives the wreck."

"I am glad to hear this, George—very glad," exclaimed his wife, bursting into tears, and sinking back into her seat. "I had heard a very different tale."

"From your father?"

"Yes; but do not blame him: he spoke but as he thought, for he had watched you, George, night after night, and imagined——"

"That I had lost both heart and reason," said the unhappy man; "sunk to a depth in vice where mercy's self would fail to reach me. I know how charitably he judges me. Doubtless he told you that I was still a drunkard?"

"He was led to think so."

"His wish was father to his thought," replied George Hoffman. "No, Rachel; since the day which deprived me of both wife and son, the intoxicating draught has never passed these lips. I have been tempted sorely, I confess; but I resisted like one who had man's work to do—to win back his own esteem—the world's respect."

As he spoke, the glow of honest satisfaction flushed his features. His wife gazed upon him in breathless suspense, weighing each word he uttered.

"Last night," he continued, "when told by the officious kindness of the woman who attends you that you had consented to separate from me, and never see me more, then, Rachel, I felt myself indeed an outcast: hope abandoned me. In my despair I asked myself the use of struggling with my destiny—in seeking to regain a name you scorned to share—of creating a future which for me could have no joy—a home destined to be desolate. In this state of misery—this utter prostration of nerve, feeling, heart and brain—I listened to the jeers and scoffings of my fellow workmen—for I am a mere laborer now—yielded to them, and consented to accompany them to the tavern."

"And fell?" gasped his hearer.

"No; God preserved me," answered the reformed drunkard, solemnly. "A word preserved me. On the very threshold of the temple where reason is sacrificed, manhood annihilated, sense, honor, feeling drowned in the excitement of intoxication, I broke from them and fled."

"Thank heaven!" murmured his wife; "thank heaven you did so."

"I thought of you, Rachel, and of my poor lost boy. I will not pain you by relating all I suffered as I rolled frantically upon the moor, or stood gazing on the window of your chamber, the impious thoughts which suggested themselves, till the spirit of prayer came over me. I sought for strength, and found it in that solitary hour. It has not deserted me since."

There was evidently something laboring in the heart of Rachel which she would fain have given utterance to, but the speaker still continued without observing her.

"And now, farewell. Fear not that I shall fall again. Temptation may once more assail me, but I know my strength. The fiend will be resisted. I shall persevere," he added, "though the rugged path of penitence be trod without one hope to cheer me, silently and alone."

"Not alone!" exclaimed his wife, extending her arms to him; "one faithful heart shall share it, George; you cannot cancel the sufferings I have endured, but you can atone them. The sot, the heartless libertine, I could have rejected, but not the husband who sees happiness and virtue in the future. Whatever your fortunes, I am ready to share them, live with you, toil with you, die with you, and never shall one look or reproachful word of mine remind you of your errors past."

An embrace, pure as their first young love, set the seal upon a reconciliation angels must have smiled to witness.

Rachel Hoffman kept her word, and despite the earnest entreaties of her friend Peter Mangles, and the offers of her father, who refused to believe in George's exculpation, she adhered to the decision she had made. The repentant drunkard was not left to tread the uphill path of reformation alone. A ministering spirit, in the angel form of a forgiving wife, smiled upon his task, and bore him company.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TRUE POLITENESS.—As to politeness, says Lord Chatham, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness: that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with?

◆

JUGGERNAUT'S HOUSEHOLD.—The "establishment" connected with the great temple of Juggernaut, in India, is immense. It includes 36 different kinds of offices, some of which are subdivided into several more. About 640 persons are required to fill the appointments, a few of which are the following: The one who puts Juggernaut to bed, the one who wakes him, the one who gives him water and a toothpick, the painter to paint his eyes, an officer to give him rice, and another to give him pan, one to wash his linen, one to count his robes, one to carry his umbrella, and one to tell him the hours of worship. Besides these, there are 4000 cooks, 120 dancing girls, and 3000 priests, many of whom are exceedingly rich.

◆

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

ADELE:

HER SORROW AND HER JOY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

LETTER I.

Edgecombe., July, 18—.

DARLING CECILE:—Once more I am at home, at dear Edgecombe, where the long happy years of my childhood were spent. How like a dark dream seem those intervening years of unrest, of suspicion, of unhappiness, of almost intolerable agony and sorrow! And yet all is so natural and homelike about me; the house and grounds, the very furniture and ornaments so unchanged, that I sometimes fancy that I never left my home, but am still a joyous maiden of seventeen, dwelling in the mansion of my ancestors.

But a glance at the black robe, that lying sham, that so contradicts the joyous impulses of my free life, or the merry shouts of Eddie, my "petit Edouard," upon the lawn, are enough to convince me that those years have been, and have gone into the past; and that I am not Adelia Seaforth, the merry maiden, but Adele Montmorenci, the widow—the penniless, almost broken-hearted widow that, six months since, came back to the home and friends of her youth, bringing her sole treasure, her noble, beautiful boy.

I promised, did I not, Cecile, that when once more beneath this dear roof, I would tell you something of my history? I owe it to the only friend I had in France, who, without asking who I was, or whence I came, saw only that I was deserted and overwhelmed with sorrow, and gave me words of cheer that were as the elixir of life to my fainting heart, that she should know me fully.

My life had few incidents to mark its progress until after I had attained my sixteenth year. I had never left my home, where I had always lived with my father and my mother, and my brother Claude; where I had been educated, and where my only sorrows had been the loss of a pet spaniel, or bird, and the departure of my brother, after his vacations, to school or college, and that bitterest parting, when he set out upon his travels, to be absent two long years.

I was fourteen then, and when I was a little past sixteen he returned, and with him came his friend, Victor Montmorenci. Ah! how little thought we, simple, country folk, as we welcomed this man, Claude's friend, beneath our roof, that with his coming peace departed from it forever! Was it in mercy, or in judgment, that the black pages of our coming fate were hidden from us? Tell me, Cecile, you who are so wise, and have watched so closely the phases of human life.

To an me, untaught, rustic maiden, Victor Montmorenci came as a hero of romance. His commanding person, his swarthy cheek and flashing eye, his proud bearing, his ancient and princely name, all appealed to a vivid and undisciplined imagination. I was his thrall from the moment he spoke to me, from that instant of time when first he bent that piercing gaze upon me, that by some inexplicable magnetism seemed to absorb my being into his own.

By-and-by he spoke to me of love, and in due time of marriage, and I only trembled as he spoke, and referred him to my parents. They were not willing that I should go so far from them; they felt that my marriage with Montmorenci would part us forever; but Claude pleaded the cause of his friend, and when they thought they saw that my happiness was involved, they yielded a reluctant consent.

It was decided that the marriage should not take place until I had reached my seventeenth birthday, and then Montmorenci, to fill up, as he said, the weary term of his probation, left me for his travels through the United States. He was accompanied by my handsome, noble brother, and from that journey Claude never returned. He was found dead, murdered in the streets of a southern city, scarce a month after he left us in such high health and happiness, and no trace of his murderer could be found.

This terrible event filled our house with gloom and mourning, and all preparations for the marriage were laid aside. But when Montmorenci returned, he insisted so urgently that there should be no delay, alleging the necessity he was under of returning at once to France, that our objections were overruled. But it was a sad bridal, and the garments of mourning, and the sorrow on every face, made it seem far more like a funeral. As soon as it was over, Montmorenci hurried the adieux, and I was lifted, more dead than alive, into the carriage that was to bear me to the nearest seaport. I scarcely hoped ever to return, and felt that I was bidding a last farewell to the friends and scenes of my youth.

Long before that weary voyage was over, I discovered that my husband was a tyrant—that his fierce, selfish love for me, did not prevent him from trampling on any wish of mine that opposed itself, ever so little, to his own. And what I suffered then was but a foretaste of the sorrows of the years that followed.

It was not till my little Edouard was given to me that I knew one gleam of happiness. Montmorenci affected to be greatly ashamed of the *mesalliance* he had made, though I was aware that it was my marriage portion that furnished him with the luxuries by which he surrounded himself. So he jealously excluded me from all society, and kept me in the strictest seclusion. I occasionally saw some of the men who visited him, but I have reason to believe that I was not known by them to be his wife. He watched me very carefully when in their presence, and I am sure that only the fierce glare of his eye, that told how he would resent them, prevented them sometimes from offering attentions that, wanting much of the respect due my real position, would thus have degraded me, even in my own eyes.

But I must hasten. The time came when the money Montmorenci brought from America was all squandered. We went into poorer lodgings, and then I began to realize, for the first time, the bitter curse of poverty. I often asked my husband about the great estates of which he had boasted, when in America, and besought him to allow me to remove to some one of his country residences. He only sneered at me, and called me a pitiful fool, because I had not sooner discovered his poverty. I found then, that he was but a younger son of a remote branch of the great family of Montmorenci, and that he had duped us all—Claude first, then my parents, and myself.

Still I would have cared little for the poverty in which I lived, if I had but enjoyed my husband's love. But as I grew melancholy, in my strange isolation, he gradually withdrew from me, until, at length, I only saw him at rare intervals. If my little Edouard had not then been given me, to be the companion of my loneliness, I fear that neither the memory of my mother, nor the teachings of religion, could have prevented me from putting an end to an existence that had become a fearful burden, in its utter hopelessness. But for that sweet babe's sake I could afford to live on through years of sorrow.

Montmorenci lived by gambling, and if, even then, he did not add to his income by practices still more heinous, it was not that he was restrained by any principle. Of course this mode of life was most precarious. At the best he squandered most of his gains upon himself and his pleasures, reserving for his wife and child but the barest pittance; and when a run of ill-luck came you may well imagine that our sufferings were almost intolerable. Many a bitter winter day I have sat, without fire, with Eddie wrapped in my few spare garments, and lying on my lap, while I stitched busily, and thus earned a few sous to purchase us one single meal. But that was little to the grief I felt when my husband would come, and with oaths, and blows, and that terrible threat of removing my child from me, would extort from me the paltry sum for which I had toiled so faithfully.

It was at this period, dear Cecile, that I first knew you. I had seen you at the door of your *appartment*, as I went up and down the weary flights of stairs that led to my garret. You had spoken in your soft voice to little Eddie, whom I carried in my arms. You had looked pityingly upon my pale, young face, and scant garments, long before you addressed me, or I knew your name. But, even then, I had learned to love you, and to feel that I was not utterly friendless.

But when you came to me, on learning from the *portiere* that Edouard was sick, and I alone and without assistance, how like an angel of light you appeared! My sad, breaking heart blessed you, as I saw you lift the suffering child in your soft arms, bathe his fevered limbs, and administer the cooling draught ordered by the physician you had procured. I could have fallen at your feet and kissed the hem of your garment, in my gratitude to you, as his savior, when I saw the child coming gradually, but surely, back to health. And my only happy days in France were those spent with you in the tiny chateau at N——, where Edouard played all day in the echoing rooms, or raced in the shady alleys and flowery bosquets of the wild garden, and grew strong and ruddy every hour.

You remember the three years that followed. They were like the rest, and need no description. And you were with me in that fatal hour when Montmorenci, wounded and bleeding (from a rencounter with one of his villain companions) was brought to my garret to die. You witnessed the death-scene and the humble burial, and it was by your bounty that I subsisted until I could receive those remittances from America, that enabled me to repay you the only part of my debt I could repay, and then return to my early home.

But you did not hear the dying words of the bad man, a villain as his outward life showed to all, a murderer by his own confession. For Cecile, bend close, for my trembling hand can scarce pen the words, Cecile, *Montmorenci's hands were red with the blood of my only brother!* And, with this terrible crime yet freshly committed, he came, and without remorse, robbed my parents of their only other child, and made me the bride of Claude's assassin!

But all these things have gone into the past.

I am content, yea, more than content, quietly happy, here. My child grows daily in strength and beauty. I can see that, to my parents, he is already taking the place Claude's early death left vacant, and I know that my presence here adds much to their happiness.

Adieu, Cecile. I waft a thousand kisses toward you on the wings of the breeze. Would that I could tell you, better than words have power to express, the love and gratitude in which I hold you.

ADELE MONTMORENCI.

Edgecombe, July, 18—.

DEAR CECILE:—Three months have passed since I received your last welcome letter. I did not think it would have remained so long unanswered. But I have been so occupied that I have found it impossible to write, even to my dearest friend.

My mother has been very ill. Her sickness was lingering and dangerous. For many days we watched anxiously by her bedside, fearing that, at any hour, the messenger might come to summon her away. But at length she slowly won her way back to health, and is now able to mingle with our little circle below stairs, though, as yet, too feeble to enter upon any of her ordinary avocations.

During all this season of affliction we have been blessed by the kind offices of the clergyman of the parish, a young man who took the place left vacant by the death of our aged pastor about a year after my return. We had thought him a silent, timid scholar, one endowed with little human sympathy, until this great affliction fell upon us. But we have learned now, to value his qualities of heart, above even the scholarly attainments and the great mind that, in another situation than the humble one of a country clergyman, would soon lift him to an enviable fame. He is now our friend, as well as pastor. My mother clings to him almost as a son, and I see now, by the smile that lights up my aged father's face, that his favorite is approaching up the avenue which is commanded by papa's accustomed seat in the southern window. I must hasten to welcome our honored guest.

A week later.

I little thought, dear Cecile, when I hastily laid aside my letter, a week since, and ran out to meet and welcome our expected guest, that so long a time would elapse before I should resume my pen. But the letter is still in time for the steamer of next Tuesday, so I hasten now to tell you the joyful tidings that are filling my heart almost to bursting.

Cecile, I love and am loved! Do not smile contemptuously as I tell you this. But you will not, for you have often expressed the hope that I might yet know happiness, such as was yours during the brief years that your *Alexandre*, your noble artist-husband, blessed you with his love, and mutual love made both your lives like a song of summer. Ah! Cecile! I *know* that you will rejoice with me.

The dark past has no longer any power over me. I look only into the future that promises so much, for in one short month I shall be the wife of Julian Hazlehurst, the clergyman of Edgecombe!

An humble fate, you may exclaim, for one who has borne the proud name of the Montmorenci's, which even Victor's vices could not stain. But so it prove a happy one, as it will and must, why should I care for its humility. And truly, Julian is one of whom any wife may well be proud. He is a great scholar, and will yet be known as a famous author, when the fruits of his silent years of study and research are given to the world.

He already loves Edouard, and has promised to superintend the dear boy's education, so that, though he is already twelve, I can have the happiness of having him with me yet for some years, And Edouard loves Julian, and is delighted at the idea of having him for his "dear papa."

Once more adieu, my dear Cecile, and may the best blessings of Heaven be yours forever and forever.

ADELE.

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TO-MORROW.—The day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I." Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."

"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."

"Very well." And full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:

"You remember the debt of Warfield about which I spoke a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim.

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I should never see him again, I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one.

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said:

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made——"

"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight vail of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But, after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving tone. Dear, little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found, just behind one of his ears, a small, inflamed bile. It has made him slightly feverish and worrysome all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but, recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her willfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward.

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket-handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a small, still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion.

"'You must have forgotten yourself,' said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen, something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed.

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward, suddenly, and kissed her, saying, as he did so—

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

TO KENNETH WARE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A flash of your dark eye, stranger boy,
  With a memory of my dead,
Hath touched my soul, like a solemn joy
  That can never be written or said.

Oh, haunting spell of a smile that's gone
  Like a star from the morning gray;
Oh, gentle charm of a spirit-tone,
  Like a brook in a lapse of May!

Oh, tender grace of a sweet young face
  They hid from me long ago,
One eve, when the lonesome burial place
  Was wild with the drifting snow!

Ye gather about my heart, and wring,
  With a desolate sense of pain,
From the trembling chords of that broken thing,
  A wild and a wailing strain.

For, princely boy, in the years gone by,
  A gleam of your beauty shone
From the ripe red lip, and the falcon eye
  Of a proud heart all my own.

A shadow is on your heart and brain,
  And your voice is heavy with tears,
And your brow is sealed with the seal of pain—
  A sign of the coming years;

But under the seeds, and the lilies dim,
  On a lonesome river shore,
There cometh no sorrow or pain to *him*,
  Forever and evermore!

My beautiful one! my poet lost,
  The tones of whose glorious lyre
Are breaking to-night on the starry coast
  Of the river of crystal fire.

And I know when the shining purples fade
  From the distant twilight skies,
His steps are under the palm-trees' shade,
  'Mid the lilies of paradise!

THE HOTEL THIEF.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A few evenings since a small party of us were assembled in a snug parlor, discussing the various topics of the day. We had run the "Hard Times" till nothing more was to be said upon the subject, and then we turned our attention to the criminal cases detailed in the various newsprints. There were thefts, robberies, murders, arsons, and all sorts of misdeeds brought before us, and we gave them such consideration as we could afford.

"Speaking of thefts," remarked one of the party, "puts me in mind of a curious circumstance that once happened in my own house. I will relate it if you choose to hear it."

The speaker's name was Barton—"Uncle Sim" we always called him—his Christian name being Simeon. He was well advanced in years, and had been engaged in hotel-keeping during most of his life. We were anxious to hear his story, and he related it as follows:—

"Something over twenty years ago I kept a hotel in the western part of this State. The location was a good one, for there was not only considerable travel, but I had many good boarders.

"It was somewhere near the first of July, along towards evening, that a splendid carriage drew up at my door, and as the driver leaped from his seat, he asked one of my men to come and help him. The carriage was opened, and a young girl—a bright, pretty thing not over fifteen—was the first to alight. After this the driver reached in, and, with the assistance of my porter, handed out the sickest looking man for a traveler I had ever seen. He was tall and bent, and seemed more like a living skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood. The bones were all clearly defined through the parchment-like skin, and I almost fancied I could hear his frame rattle as he was helped along. A dry, short cough shook his system, and an occasional groan seemed to indicate that he suffered much. I had him conducted at once to the parlor, where I waited upon him as soon as the carriage had gone.

"I found him upon one of the sofas, breathing with difficulty, and quite exhausted. He informed me that he was a merchant of New York, and nearly gone with consumption. His physician had advised him to come to my place and spend the summer, and he had followed the counsel. I knew he had come, but with regard to spending the summer I was not so sure. He seemed nearer to the church-yard than anything else. He told me I should have no trouble with him, for his physician would visit him nearly every day, and his daughter had come to wait upon him. He gave his name as Oscar Luton, and the bright-eyed girl he called Clara.

"I could not refuse him. He offered to pay me any price I might demand, and as I had rooms to spare, I determined to take him. So I had the apartments put in order, and as soon as all was ready we helped him up stairs. He went to bed at once, being faint and weary.

"On the following morning gentleman came who introduced himself as Doctor John Adams. He was a fine, intelligent looking man, about fifty years of age, and possessed a peculiar faculty of winning confidence at once. I learned from him that he was stopping with a sister only a few miles off, and should remain there while his patient, Luton, lived. While we were conversing, Clara came in and informed the doctor that her father wished to see him as soon as possible.

"In half an hour the doctor came down shaking his head.

"'Poor fellow!' he said, taking a seat by my side. 'He can't live long. He is very low and weak this morning.'

"I didn't much like the idea of having a man die in my house thus, but 'twas too late to help it now.

"A week passed, and Mr. Luton seemed to be failing every day. He had grown so feeble that he could not sit up at all, and the physician came every morning, and sometimes in the evening. Clara was unceasing in her attentions, and I knew that sometimes she must have watched by her father's bedside all night.

"One morning I received a letter from New York, from a lawyer who had stopped at my house, with his wife and daughter, five days before, in which the writer stated that his wife had lost jewelry to the value of three thousand dollars somewhere on her journey. She was sure she had it when she stopped at my house, and her only other stopping-place between there and the city was with her own father. The lawyer closed his letter by asking me to look around carefully, and see if I could gain any clue to the property.

"That very evening Clara Luton came to me, and told me her father wished to see me. I went up at once, and found the invalid raised to a sitting position in the bed, with a pile of bolsters and pillows behind him. He looked far more like a dead man than like a living one. He asked me to sit down, and then made some remarks upon the state of his health. He said he thought he should get well—he knew he was very weak—much weaker than when he came—he could not even stand alone now—but still he hoped to recover. I saw Clara turn her head away, and I thought tears came to her eyes. Poor girl! she knew well enough that there was no recovery for her father.

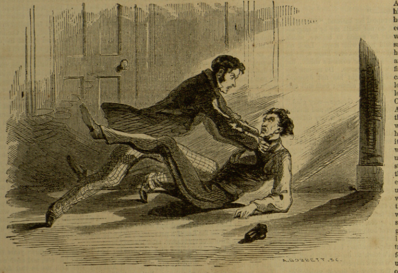
"'But,' said Luton, at the end of a long pause, speaking in a hoarse, gurgling whisper, and with an expression of pain, 'I sent for you on strange business. Have you many boarders in your house?'

"I told him that the house was nearly full.

"'And are any of them strangers to you?'

"'Yes—nearly all of them,' I returned, puzzled at the question.

"'I do not wish to trouble you,' Luton resumed, 'for you have been very kind to me, and I know there is no fault with you. But last night I lost between ten and twelve hundred dollars. I don't know exactly how much there was, but it was over a thousand. I had it in that little dressing-case, (pointing to a rose-wood box upon the table.) About midnight I sent Clara to bed, and then, under the influence of an opiate, I fell asleep myself. I slept until daylight, as did my child, and this morning I found my money gone. My door was not locked, and some one must have come in during the night and robbed me. But,' he added, as I began to express my alarm and sorrow, 'don't let my loss trouble you, for I shall not feel it, nor will it at all affect my good opinion of your house. I only mention it that you may be on the watch, for others, who cannot afford it, may meet with a similar loss if the thief is not detected.'



"As the invalid seemed exhausted by his efforts thus far, I asked him no more questions. He said the money he had lost was mostly in gold, only about two hundred dollars of it being in bank-notes. He described the bills as nearly as he could, and I then took my leave.

"I was in trouble now, sure enough. That there was a regular hotel-thief in the house was evident; but how should I find him? I had a hundred and fifty people stopping with me, and of the whole lot I was not acquainted with over five-and-twenty of them. However, I did the best I could. I put the clerk and chambermaids on the watch, and resolved to keep an open eye myself.

"Just before supper was ready a party of boarders returned from a day's jaunt among the hills. They had taken teams and left immediately after breakfast. I was in the bar-room when they entered, and two of them, who occupied the same room, came and whispered to me that they had been robbed during the previous night. One had lost two hundred and ten dollars, and the other, over a hundred. It had been taken from their pockets.

"But this was not the worst. When the stage came in from the west, it brought a New Orleans merchant, with his wife and two servants, who were on their way to New York. I gave them the only suite of rooms I had to spare, and then left my clerk to receive their orders. In the morning the merchant came to me with a look of deep trouble and anxiety. He had been robbed of fourteen thousand dollars during the night!

"I was frightened now in earnest. At this rate I should soon be utterly ruined. I told the man to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what we could do. He did not blame me, nor did he seem anxious to resort to extreme measures, though he would leave nothing undone which could possibly lead to the detection of the thief.

"When the guests had all taken their seats at the table for breakfast, I ran my eye carefully over the company, and found every person there who had been there on the night before. I could detect no guilty looks, nor could I find a villainous-looking face. At length I asked them to give me their attention for a few moments, and when they were still I told them all that had happened. I told of the letter I had received from New York; of the loss of over ten hundred dollars by Mr. Luton; of the robbery of the two young men; and, finally, of the heavy loss of the New Orleans merchant. I told them that I suspected no one. I looked upon each and every one as honest. Yet, under the circumstances, I hoped they would all be willing to allow their baggage to be examined. At this a young man jumped up and said,—

"'Aye—I, for one, demand to be examined, and I hope all will do the same.'

"And then he put it to vote, requesting all those who were in favor of the examination to arise. Every soul stood up in a moment. After the meal was done a committee was chosen from among the guests, and I went with them over the house. We first examined the persons themselves, and then overhauled the trunks and boxes. But nothing of the stolen property was to be found. My own men had been stationed at the doors, so that no one could leave, and thus we knew that all had been searched.

"I could do no more then upon the premises. The New Orleans merchant, whose name was Lafont, concluded to keep on to New York, but obtained from me a promise that I would leave no stone unturned to find his money.

"Two days after this, a planter from Kentucky stopped with me, and on the very first night of his stay his trunk was robbed of eight thousand dollars, while another man, on the same night, lost nearly four thousand! On the next day, when this became known, forty-seven of my best boarders left me. They would stay no longer where they were liable to lose everything, and where, moreover, they were in constant danger of being suspected of crime.

"I began to grow desperate. There was a thief quartered upon me—an expert and mysterious thief—and I determined to find him if it lay within the bounds of human possibility. If I did not my patrons would all leave me, and my growing business would be ruined. That very afternoon the stage from Oswego brought a wealthy family who were on their way to the Mississippi. I gave them the same rooms Mr. Lafont had occupied, and then determined to keep a watch upon them through the night. I said nothing to any one of my purpose, but when the guests had all retired I took up my position where no one would be likely to see me, but yet where I could see the door of the apartment in question. There was no light burning in this upper hall, but the starlight from the two large windows would enable me to detect the presence of any one within my range of vision.

"It was very near midnight when I took my post. The clock struck one—then two—and yet no sound had I heard. Perhaps the thief had gone; or, maybe, he was afraid to venture again so soon. Half an hour more passed, and I was becoming tired of my watch, when I heard a movement as of a door being opened very softly, and in a few moments more I saw a dark figure glide across the hall. It was a slight, short person, and in female attire. I looked more sharply, and finally satisfied myself that it was Clara Luton. I supposed she must be after something for her father. But no. She moved directly to the door of the traveler's chamber, and placed her ear to the key-hole, and at the end of a minute she glided back as she had come.

"I began to be interested. What could that young girl be doing out there at such a time? But I had not long for reflection. Very soon the sound of the carefully opened door came again, and in a few seconds another object presented itself. It was tall and dark, and moved with a cat-like, noiseless tread, and from a single ray of light which shot out before it I knew that it must bear a dark lantern. Who could it be? Surely not Dr. Adams, for he went away before noon. But I had enough to do to watch the person's movements. He—I knew it was a man—stooped down to the lock of the door, and ere long he had it open. He entered the room beyond—the room where my new guest slept—without having as yet made a sound which I could hear since passing his own door. I determined to wait until he came out, and then confront him.

"The minutes passed on—twenty of them, at least—and finally the man re-appeared. He closed the door carefully behind him, and then started across the hall. When he was half way over I leaped forward and grasped him by the collar. He uttered a grating curse, and, with a power which I was not prepared to overcome, he cast me from him and rushed towards his own room. But I was mad now, and with a single bound I grasped him again, this time bringing him to the floor. At this moment the door of his room was opened, and as the light of the lamp from within fell upon his face I recognized the cadaverous features of *Oscar Luton!* It was my invalid—my dying man! At first I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses. Whence came the strength he had manifested? But he gave me little time for thought then, and would probably have given me some trouble had not the noise of our scuffle brought some of the other boarders from their rooms. It was Clara who had opened the door and let the light out, but she turned back as soon as she saw me.

"With the assistance of some of the new comers I soon had my prisoner secured, and then I stood back and looked at him. He was as thin, and pale, and deathly as ever, only there was a fire in his eye which I had not seen there before. It was the same skeleton, but with a new life in it. I asked him several questions, but he would make no reply. We searched his person, and found the small dark lantern, half-a-dozen curiously constructed implements for picking locks, together with some thousands of dollars which he had taken but a few minutes before. When we had overhauled him thoroughly we lashed his hands and feet, and having put him in a small unoccupied bed-room I called a stout hostler to come and keep watch over him till morning.

"After this we went to his room, where we found the young girl on the bed sobbing and crying bitterly. She was so pretty, so mild, and seemed so distressed, that my sympathies were at once excited, and I promised her, if she would tell me the truth, that no harm should come to her.

"'He'll kill me!' she cried, in terror.

"'Who'll kill you?' I asked her.

"'Both of them.'

"'You mean Luton and Adams?'

"'Yes.'

"I finally led her to my own room, where my wife was, and succeeded in quieting her fears; and when I had given my solemn assurance that she should not be arrested for anything more than a witness she told me the whole story.

"She said her mother died when she was very young—of her father she knew nothing. When she was ten years old she was taken by a bad woman who professed to be her aunt. There she became acquainted with Luton, whose real name she did not know, as he had gone by different names at different times. At length this Luton paid the professed aunt some money, and the poor girl was given to him. As soon as she was able she was forced to assist her master in his villainies, he threatening her with death in case of refusal. She said he had always been very thin and pale ever since she knew him, but the intensely cadaverous hue of his face was produced by a preparation of his own which he applied when necessary. No amount of food could put any flesh upon his bones, though his general health seemed to be good.

"She said the professed doctor was an accomplice and that they had already operated in several hotels just as they had been operating in mine. When I asked her how they contrived their plans she told me that she had to watch the coming of the guests, and report such as appeared to have money. Then she had to see what room they took, and also make a careful survey of the doors, and so on. This she could do easily, as her wandering over the house would excite no suspicion. During the day she would manage to obtain the keys of those rooms in which wealthy guests lodged, and by them Luton would shape his implements for picking the locks. At night, when her master thought it safe to work, she had to glide out and survey the premises to see that all was safe; and if she chanced to meet any one she had only to keep on down stairs, as though she were after something in the kitchen, and thus prevent suspicion. When she had reported all quiet Luton would issue forth to his work.

"In the morning I had an officer called, and when Doctor Adams made his appearance he was arrested. At first he was greatly surprised; then he grew angry, and swore, and finally became calm and sullen. I had learned from Clara that Adams carried the money off when Luton had obtained it. The doctor would not tell us where he stopped, but the place was easily hunted up, and there we found all the property which had been stolen from my guests. It was in a small trunk which we found locked up in a larger one.

"Thus I was enabled to return to my customers every dollar they had lost, and as soon as the facts became known my boarders all came back. Masters Luton and Adams were found to be old offenders, and upon trial they were convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment which seemed likely to outlive them. Clara lived with me several years, and then became the wife of my clerk; and she is now the honored and respected hostess of the very hotel where her last labor of evil for a wicked master was performed."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many Readers wish to know why the year 1900 will not be leap-year, inasmuch as 1900 is divisible by four? The reason is this: Our year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds, but for purposes of convenience in reckoning we call it 365 days and 6 hours, and to make up for the odd six hours we add an extra day every fourth year, and call it leap-year. Absolutely, however, this adding an extra day every four years is astronomically incorrect, it being, to a small degree, an excess; and in the course of a hundred years this inaccuracy increases to an amount which it is necessary to take notice of. Hence, once in a hundred years, the leap-year is omitted, for the purpose of balancing the account. But here again comes a difficulty, because such omission of the leap-year is *too great* an omission, as the excess before alluded to does not in the course of a hundred years quite amount to a day; therefore, to make matters perfectly square all round, every *four hundredth* year is also reckoned as leap-year. This being the case, it follows that only those centennial years which are divisible by *four hundred* are leap-years. For example, the year 100, 200 and 300 were not leap-years, but the year 400 was. The next centennial leap-year was the year 800; the next 1200; the next 1600; and the next centennial leap-year that the world will see will be the year 2000. By this it will be seen that old Father Time strikes his balance sheet accurately only once in four hundred years.

Kate Kearney was engaged to a young man whom she fondly imagined to be the soul of honor, and all those other "souls" which young girls delight in believing their lovers to be; but alas! she discovered that she had been deceived—that her lover, instead of being the soul of honor, was its very soot and refuse; in fact, that he was the essence of evil and dishonesty. Wherefore the engagement was broken off. But Kate Kearney often meets her discarded lover in the street, and is greatly embarrassed thereby, as she does not know whether or not it would be proper for her, under the circumstances, to recognize him and return his bow; and in her dilemma she asks, "Would it be proper or improper in me to recognize and salute him, seeing I have been engaged to him?" There would be nothing improper in a lady's recognizing and saluting a man to whom she had been engaged, if he were a reputable person, but it would, of course, be improper for her to have the slightest intercourse with a man whom she *knows to be dishonorable*, whether she was ever engaged to him or not.

Professor.—The reason why women have no whiskers is simply this, that they do not require them. "What is the reason of any distinction between the sexes?" Material philosophers may ascribe it to electricity, which is positive in the male, and negative in the female. But this would not be giving a reason. A cause and a reason are two different things. Why is woman made more beautiful than man? *Reason* says, "Because she is more dependent upon her personal attractions." *Cause* would reply, "it is the negative electricity," which leaves us no wiser than we were. Reason always enlightens us, for it comes from light, cause only sometimes, for it often comes from darkness.

J. H. asks for a remedy for profuse perspiration of the feet. In the first place they should be kept very clean, washing them night and morning with soap and water, and afterwards sponging them with a little vinegar and water; prefer woolen stockings of a very thin texture, and change them frequently. If these measures have already been taken, then apply to a skillful medical man for advice, but beware not to attempt violently and entirely to stop the perspiration, which, unpleasant as it is, may be the means of keeping off an attack of serious disease.

Ophelia.—"A lady has been visited for two or three years by a gentleman who never declares his intentions. At last, urged by her friends, she gave her hand to another. Did she behave ill to the first?" No, if this be all we have to judge from. A lady is not formally bound to a gentleman until he declares himself. She may set her cap legitimately at half a dozen Leanders till then. A man has no right over a woman until he has established a relationship with her by means of some engagement.

A Chicago Girl.—A young man visits frequently a young lady, but tells her candidly he is engaged to another lady. How should she act? Discountenance his visits. He ought to be reproached for his infidelity, and dismissed. If his engagement be merely feigned, this will lead to an explanation. It is dishonorable for any man to play with a young woman's affections under such circumstances. When a man comes purposely out of his way to visit and spend much time with a lady, she has a right to call him to account.

M. D. S.—The lily is the emblem of purity and simplicity. Your teacher is mistaken in supposing that superior minds take no delight in flowers. "Superior minds" take delight in everything that is beautiful, or that is a source of innocent pleasure to the race. Heroes and sages have in all ages delighted in flowers, and so have the great and titled ones of earth whose natures have been refined by Christianity and cultivation.

Rosa and Anna.—Gentlemen think too little about the language of symbols to mean anything particular by giving the left arm to one lady, and the right to another. In such a position American gentlemen seldom know what they are about. A Frenchman would never be seen giving his arms to two ladies. The French call such a trio "a basket with two handles."

George.—Principle means beginning or source—*principium*—but what the common meaning of the word is, is not easy to say. A man of principle is a man of consistent and respectable character. The meaning is vague, like that of all abstract terms.

Westward.—One place is about as good as another for an energetic, go-ahead, industrious and honest man.

Phebe.—Fifteen is too tender an age for a girl (or boy) to get married.

J. O. C.—You should first get an introduction to the lady.

Desdemona.—Visits of etiquette are divided into various classes—those of the morning, which are the most friendly and respectful; those of the afternoon, which are the most polite; weekly visits, which are confined to parties with which we are on terms of close intimacy, and monthly visits, which are more ceremonious. In friendly calls, almost all ceremony should be dispensed with. Much preparation or dressing is not necessary. A too brilliant or gay costume would be altogether out of place; and should any other engagement compel you to visit the house of a friend thus attired, you might feel the propriety of offering an explanation and an apology, though most ladies would consider it in better taste to let it pass without any observation. We need keep no account of our visits to a friend or relation, but only take care to make them at suitable times, since even with those with whom we are on the most intimate terms, we must never overstep the bounds of propriety and decorum, nothing being more true than that "too much familiarity breeds contempt." It is not thus with visits of ceremony, of which you should keep strict account, and even remember the intervals at which they are returned, so that a similar interval may elapse before you call again. You will thus judge whether your visits are desired frequently or seldom.

Madison.—This correspondent says he has studied the Bible a great deal, in order to ascertain where Cain got his wife, but has searched in vain. "According to the Scriptures," says our correspondent, "Adam had three sons, but *no daughters*." Were this really so, it would puzzle one not only to say where Cain got *his* wife, but where any of the sons of Adam got their wives. But the Bible does not say, or authorize the inference, that Adam had no daughters. It plainly shows that Adam and Eve had daughters, and plenty of them. In fact, the idea that any one should seriously puzzle himself over such a plain matter is absurd; and we should not dignify the subject by giving it notice, were it not for the fact that a great many persons have shown by their communications that they are also "investigating the matter."

Ellen.—It is so long (nine years) since your brother has heard from his wife, and her mode of life was such, that it is quite probable she is dead, and that he would never be troubled by her in case he should marry again. But if she is living, and if, after his re-marriage, she should seek him out, he could, of course, be put to much trouble and annoyance by her, although, under the circumstances, he would not be punished criminally. He should make diligent inquiry concerning her before marrying again. Had they been married in this country, and had the wife gone off to Europe, the case would be different; but as they were married on the other side of the Atlantic, and your brother came to this country without notifying his wife of his destination, he would be liable to annoyance as we have stated.

C. L. G.—We do not pretend to be weather-wise, and are content to take the weather as it comes without puzzling ourselves to divine why it is not colder, or why it is not warmer, or why it happens to be just exactly as cold or warm as it is. A French *savan* has promulgated what he calls a discovery, and according to which it seems we are to have a series of warm winters. He says he has discovered that the tidal currents of the oceans are now all setting from the equator northward, and hence that the heated water of the torrid zone will be diffused over the tropical portion of the great deep, and that this will very much elevate the temperature of those countries adjacent to the sea. We are perfectly willing to accept this theory, or any other that will insure to us pleasant winters.

Fulton Street.—It would be a difficult matter to convict the delinquent of swindling. It is so customary for parties to draw checks on banks when their accounts are closely drawn, and then deposit funds to meet them, that a failure to have sufficient funds to pay a check would be leniently interpreted where the party in default could show an upright and honorable record of his previous dealings, and has since offered to pay the check. You must resort to some other means if you would humiliate your foe by affixing the brand of criminality to his brow. In fact, you might find the brand on the wrong (or, at least, on another) brow. The courts would be quite likely to consider such an attempt as an outrageous piece of business, and mortify you by administering a public rebuke.

Eurydice.—It is a foolish girl that quarrels with her mother, and leaves her maternal home for a mere "matter of feeling," as you call it. We suppose that argument would be of no avail with you, and therefore we shall not attempt to convince you of the wrongfulness of your conduct further than by the foregoing expression of our opinion. You will probably never fully understand the matter until a daughter of your own shall behave towards you as you have behaved towards your mother. You will then feel

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
  To have a thankless child."

Pythias.—We know nothing about office-seeking, and are altogether unfamiliar with the slimy sinuosities through which political partisans crawl and sneak into comfortable stalls at the public crib. We have always earned our living honestly. Therefore we cannot aid you in your unmanly desires to fasten yourself upon the treasury of your country. We assure you that few things are more pernicious in their effects upon a young man's nature, or more fatal to his honorable success in life, than the practice of "office-seeking." He had better saw wood or clean the streets for a livelihood.

Baron.—It is not a good plan ever to write "sharp letters." They do no good. A man will not pay a debt, or do anything else, any sooner because you write him a "sharp letter"—which generally is a discourteous if not an abusive one. Besides, such letters have a most uncomfortable way of turning up at unseasonable times. Many a man's fortune has been marred by one of these deadly missives. An ill-natured, rebuking, or ungentlemanly word that is *spoken* may be forgotten and forgiven, but *written* ones often grow bitterer with time. Beware of them.

Unbeliever.—Your skepticism on the wolf question, like all other skepticism, is based on ignorance. Had you ever lived in a newly settled country where wolves abounded, or read much about American frontier life, you would have learned that wolves have destroyed many persons within a short distance of their dwellings, and even besieged the frightened inmates of a log cabin the whole night long. In large packs, and in a half-famished condition, wolves are exceedingly bold and ferocious, especially in the night.

Eighth Avenue.—You do not make out so strong a case against the girl as against yourself. A man who is capable of doing what you say you have done in the matter between you and her, is not to be believed except where his statements tell against himself. A coarse and brutal nature is intrinsically selfish and unjust. We hope the young lady will maintain her attitude of contempt and aversion towards you.

R. G. A.—We do not keep an "intelligence office" for the purpose of furnishing situations to whomsoever may apply. We cannot help you to get a situation as bookkeeper, either now or at any future time. And we will take this occasion to say that we can never, under any circumstances, procure or assist in procuring "situations" of any kind for any person or persons whatever.

B. C. A.—As a general thing it is proper for lovers who have become estranged to give up all letters that have been exchanged between them. There might be a case in which it would be proper for a lover or sweetheart to keep such letters; such as, for instance, where one party attempts to injure the other, or ruin his or her reputation, and the letters furnish the means for frustrating the attempt.

Godfrey Dulanie.—We have not read your sketch, nor shall we read it, and therefore we shall not be able "to advise you as to the direction in which you should turn your talents." Judging from your letter, we should say that they might be profitably employed for a few months upon English grammar—especially orthography, syntax and prosody.

X. Y. Z.—You did wrong in not returning the young lady's daguerreotype to her after she had requested you to do so. Her reason for wishing it returned was no business of yours; and if she did not choose to give you a reason voluntarily you should have had sufficient delicacy to refrain from asking her why she wished you to return the miniature.

Gertrude.—You did very wrong in disobeying the injunctions of your teacher. Your self-respect and sense of propriety, if no higher motive, should keep you from committing acts of disobedience. You or your father will of course have to pay for the damage done to the furniture, and make good the entire loss.

Carman.—You can recover damages of the proprietors of the line of omnibusses to which the one belonged that ran against and injured your horse. It is the duty of an omnibus-driver to drive with care, and if he does damage to any one by his recklessness or unskillfulness, his employers are responsible.

Adolphus.—If you are not a good judge of horses, you should not buy a costly animal without securing the assistance of a first-rate judge, on whose integrity you can rely. It is a very easy matter for an unsophisticated person to throw away a few hundred dollars in buying high-priced horses.

Queen Mab.—You should'nt take the faithless man's conduct so much to heart. He is not worth half a dozen of your tears. It is much better that you found him out now instead of discovering when it would have been too late that he is a villain. Dry your tears, and let him go without one sigh of regret.

Florinde.—We do not blame you for disliking to have a lover exhibit much curiosity as to the amount of your estate and income. You should balance the account by taking and showing an equal interest in his pecuniary welfare.

Imogene.—Such an ungallant man should be doomed to permanent bachelorhood.

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.